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THE

MAN

OF

FORTY CROWNS.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

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The MAN OF FORTY CROWNS.

AN old man who is for ever *pitying the preſent times and extolling the paſt*, was ſaying to me, Friend, France is not ſo rich as it was under Henry the IVth. And why? Becauſe the lands are not ſo well cultivated; becauſe hands are wanting for the cultivation, and becauſe the day-laborer having raiſed the price of his work, many land-owners let their inheritances lie fallow.

Whence comes this ſcarcity of hands? From this, that whoever finds in himſelf any thing of a ſpirit of induſtry, takes up the trades of imbroiderer, chaſer, watchmaker, ſilk-weaver, attorney, or divine. It is alſo becauſe the revocation of the Edict of Nantes has left a great void in the kingdom; becauſe nuns and beggars of all kinds have greatly multiplied; becauſe the people in general avoid as much as poſſible the hard labor of cultivation, for which we are born, by God's deſtination, and which we have rendered ignominious by our own opinions, ſo very wiſe are we.

Another cauſe of our poverty lies in our new wants. We muſt pay our neighbours four millions of livres (*) upon one article, and five or ſix upon another; ſuch for example as ſtuffing up our noſe a ſtinking pouder come from America; our coffee, tea, chocolate, cochineal, indigo, ſpices, coſt us above ſixty millions a year. All theſe were unknown to us in the reign of Henry the IVth, except the ſpices, of which, however, the conſumption was not near ſo great as it is now. We burn a hundred times more wax-lights than were burnt then; and we get more than the half of the wax from foreign countries, becauſe we neglect our own hives. We ſee a hundred times more diamonds in the ears, round the neck, and on the hands of our city-ladies of Paris, and other great towns, than were worn by all the ladies of Henry the IVth's court, the Queen included. Almoſt all theſe ſuperfluities are neceſſarily paid for with ready ſpecie.

Obſerve eſpecially that we pay to foreigners above fifteen millions of annuities on the *Hôtel-de-Ville*; and that Henry IV. on his Acceſſion, having found two millions of debt in all on this imaginary *Hôtel*, very wiſely paid off a part to eaſe the ſtate of this burthen.

Conſider that our civil wars were the occaſion of the treaſures of Mexico being poured into the kingdom, when Don Philip *el Diſcreto* took it in-

(*) A million is about 43,750 l. ſterling.

to

to his head to buy France, and that ſince that time, our foreign wars have eaſed us of a good half of our money.

Theſe are partly the cauſes of our poverty; a poverty which we hide under varniſhed cielings, or with the help of our dealers in faſhions: we are poor with taſte. There are ſome officers of revenue, there are contractors or jobbers, there are merchants, very rich; their children, their ſons-in-law, are very rich; the nation in general is not ſo.

This old man's diſcourſe, well or ill grounded, made a deep impreſſion on me; for the curate of my pariſh, who had always had a friendſhip for me, had taught me a little of geometry and of hiſtory; and I begin to reflect a little, which is very rare in my province. I do not know whether he was right or not in every thing, but being myſelf very poor, I could very eaſily believe that I had a great many companions of miſery (*).

(*) Madam de Maintenon, who was a very ſenſible woman in every point, except that on which ſhe uſed to conſult that chicaning ſhuffler her confeſſor, the abbot Gobelin; Madam de Maintenon, in one of her letters, ſtates the account of her brother and his wife's houſekeeping in 1680: They had to pay the rent of a pleaſant houſe; they had ten ſervants to maintain, four horſes, and two coachmen. They ſat down every day to a good dinner. Madam de Maintenon allows for all this nine thouſand livres a year, [not quite 400l. a year] and adds three thouſand more for play, public entertainments, for the fancies, and magnificence of both huſband and wife. At preſent, there would be required about forty thouſand livres a year to lead ſuch a life in Paris. In the time of Henry the IVth ſix thouſand would have ſerved. This inſtance is proof enough that the old man did not abſolutely doat.

DISASTER

OF

The MAN *of* FORTY CROWNS.

I VERY readily make known to the *Univerſe*, that I have a landed eſtate which would bring me in clear forty crowns a year (*), were it not for the tax laid on it.

There came forth ſeveral edicts from certain perſons, who, having nothing better to do, govern the ſtate at their fire-ſide. The preamble of theſe edicts was, " that the legiſlative and exe- " cutive was born, *Jure divino*, the co-proprietor " of my land ;" and that I owe it at leaſt the half of what I poſſeſs. The enormity of the ſwallow of this ſame legiſlative and executive power made me bleſs myſelf. What would it be if that power which preſides over " the eſſential order of ſo- " ciety," was to take the whole of my little eſtate ? The one is ſtill more divine than the other.

The comptroller general knows that I uſed to pay, in all, but twelve livres ; that even this was a heavy burthen on me, and that I ſhould have

(* Tranſlator's note.) A crown, in this ſenſe, is what the French call a *petit ecu de trois livres* ; eight of them are about one pound ſterling.

ſunk

ſunk under it, if God had not given me the talent of making wicker baſkets, which helped to carry me through my ſtreights. But how ſhould I, on a ſudden, be able to give the king twenty crowns?

The new miniſters alſo ſaid in their preamble, that it was not fit to tax any thing but the land, becauſe every thing ariſes from the land, even rain itſelf, and conſequently that nothing was properly liable to taxation, but the fruits of the land.

During the laſt war, one of their collectors came to my houſe, and demanded of me for my quota three meaſures of corn, and a ſack of beans, the whole worth twenty crowns, to maintain the war then a making, and of which I never knew the reaſon, having only heard it ſaid that there was nothing to be got by it for our country, and a great deal to loſe. As I had not at that time or corn, or beans, or money, the legiſlative and executive power had me dragged to priſon; and the war went on as well as it could.

On my releaſe from my dungeon, being nothing but ſkin and bone, who ſhould I meet but a jolly freſh colored man in a coach and ſix? He had ſix footmen, to each of whom he gave for his wages more than the double of my revenue. His head-ſteward, who, by the way, looked in as good plight as himſelf, had of him a ſalary of two thouſand livres, and robbed him every year of twenty thouſand more. His miſ-

treſs had in ſix months ſtood him in forty thouſand crowns. I had formerly known him when he was leſs well to paſs than myſelf. He owned, by way of comfort to me, that he enjoyed four hundred thouſand livres a year. I ſuppoſe then, ſaid I, that you pay out of this income two hundred thouſand to the ſtate, to help to ſupport that advantageous war we are carrying on; ſince I, who have but juſt a hundred and twenty livres a year, am obliged to pay half of them.

I! (ſaid he,) I contribute to the wants of the ſtate! you are jeſting, ſure, my friend. I have inherited from an uncle his fortune of eight millions, which he got at Cadix and at Surat; I have not a foot of land, my eſtate lies in government-contracts, and in the funds. I owe the ſtate nothing. It is for you to give half of your ſubſiſtence, you who are a proprietor of land. Do not you ſee, that if the miniſter of the revenue was to require any thing of me in aid of our country, he would be a blockhead, that could not calculate; for every thing is the produce of the land. Money, and the paper-currency are nothing but pledges of exchange. Inſtead of ſtaking on a card at *Pharaoh*, a hundred meaſures of corn, a hundred oxen, a thouſand ſheep, or two hundred ſacks of oats, I play *rouleaux* of gold, which repreſent thoſe filthy commodities. If after having laid the ſole tax, the tax that is to ſupply the place of all others, on thoſe commodities,

modities, the government was to aſk money of me, do not you ſee, that this would be a double load? that it would be aſking the ſame thing twice over? My uncle ſold at Cadix to the amount of two millions of your corn, and of two millions of ſtuffs made of your wool; upon theſe two articles he gained cent. pro cent. you muſt eaſily think that this profit came out of lands already taxed; what my uncle bought for ten pence of you, he ſold again for above fifty livres at Mexico; and thus he made a ſhift to return to his own country with eight millions clear.

You muſt be ſenſible then, that it would be a horrid injuſtice to redemand of him a few farthings on the ten pence he paid you. If twenty nephews like me, whoſe uncles had gained each eight millions at Buenos-Ayres, at Lima, at Surat, or at Pondicherry, were, in the urgent neceſſities of the ſtate, to lend each to it only two hundred thouſand livres, that would produce four millions. But what a horror would that be! Pay then you, my friend, who enjoy quietly the neat and clear revenue of forty crowns; ſerve your country well, and come now and then to dine with my ſervants in livery.

This plauſible diſcourſe made me reflect a good deal, but I cannot ſay it much comforted me.

CONVERSATION WITH A GEOMETRICIAN.

IT ſometimes happens that a man has no anſwer to make, and yet is not perſuaded: he is overthrown without the power of being convinced. He feels at the bottom of his heart a ſcruple, a repugnance which hinders him from believing what has been proved to him. A Geometrician demonſtrates to you, that between a circle and a tangent, you may thrid a number of curves, and yet cannot get one ſtreight line to paſs. Your eyes, your reaſon tell you the contrary. The Geometrician gravely anſwers you, that it is an infiniteſimal of the ſecond order. You ſtare, in ſtupid ſilence, and quit the field all aſtoniſhed, without having any clear idea, without comprehending any thing, and without having any reply to make.

Conſult but a Geometrician of more candor, and he explains the miſtery to you. We ſuppoſe, (ſays he,) what cannot be in nature, lines which have length without breadth. Naturally and philoſophically ſpeaking, it is impoſſible for one real line to penetrate another. No curve, nor no right line can paſs between two real lines that touch

touch one another. Thoſe theorems that puzzle you are but ſports of the imagination, ideal chimeras. Whereas true geometry is the art of meaſuring things actually exiſtent.

I was perfectly well ſatisfied with the confeſſion of this ſenſible Mathematician, and, with all my misfortune, could not help laughing, on my learning that there was a quackery even in that ſcience, which is called the Sublime Science. My Geometrician was a kind of philoſophical patriot, who had deigned to chat with me ſometimes in my cottage. I ſaid to him, Sir, you have tried to enlighten the cockneys of Paris, on a point of the greateſt concern to mankind, the duration of the human life. It is to you alone that the miniſtry owes its knowledge of the due rate of annuities for lives, according to the different ages. You have propoſed to furniſh the houſes in town with what water they may want, and to deliver us, at length, from the ſhame and ridicule of hearing water cried about the ſtreets, and of ſeeing women incloſed within an oblong hoop, carrying two pails of water, both together of about thirty pounds weight, up to a fourth ſtory, near a privy.—Be ſo good, in the name of friendſhip, to tell me, how many twohanded bipeds there may be in France.

The Geometrician.

It is aſſumed, that there may be about twenty millions, and I am willing to adopt this calculate

as

as the moſt probable (*a*), till it can be verified, which it would be very eaſy to do, and which, however, has not hitherto been done, becauſe *one does not always think of every thing.*

The Man of forty crowns.

How many acres (*), think you, the whole territory of France contains.

The Geometrician.

One hundred and thirty millions, of which almoſt the half is in roads, in towns, villages, moors, heaths, marſhes, ſands, barren lands, uſeleſs convents, gardens of more pleaſure than profit, uncultivated grounds, and bad grounds ill cultivated. We might reduce all the land which yields good returns to ſeventy five millions of ſquare acres; but let us ſtate them at fourſcore millions. One cannot do too much for one's country.

The Man of forty crowns.

How much may you think each acre brings in yearly, one year with another, in corn, ſeeds of all kinds, wine, fiſh-ponds, wood, metals,

(*a*) This is proved by the Reports made by the Super-Intendants at the end of the ſeventeenth century, combined with the numbering by chimnies, performed in 1753, by order of the Count d'Argenſon, and eſpecially with the very exact work of Monſ. Mezence, done under the inſpection of the Super-Intendant Monſ. de la Michaudiere, a very intelligent perſon.

(*) The French acre differs from ours. It contains 100 perches ſquare, of 18 feet each; ours about half as much more.

cattle,

cattle, fruit, wool, ſilk, oil, milk, clear of all charges, without reckoning the tax ?

The Geometrician.

Why, if they produce each twenty five livres, (ſomething above twenty ſhillings,) it is a great deal ; but, not to diſcourage our countrymen, let us put them at thirty livres. There are acres which produce conſtantly regenerating value, and which are eſtimated at 300 livres : there are others which only produce 3 livres. The mean proportion between 3 and 300 is 30 ; for you muſt allow that 3 is to 30 as 30 is to 300. If indeed there were comparatively many acres at 30 livres, and very few at 300, our account would not hold good ; but, once more, I would not be over-punctilious.

The Man of forty crowns.

Well, Sir ; how much will theſe fourſcore millions of acres yield of revenue, eſtimated in money ?

The Geometrician.

The account is ready made ; they will produce two thouſand four hundred millions of numerary livres of the preſent currency.

The Man of forty crowns.

I have red that Solomon poſſeſſed, of his own property, twenty five thouſand millions of livres, in ready money ; and certainly there are not two thouſand four hundred millions of ſpecie circulating in France, which, I am told, is much greater

greater and much richer than Solomon's country.

The Geometrician.

There lies the miſtery. There may be about nine hundred millions circulating throughout the kingdom; and this money, paſſing from hand to hand, is ſufficient to pay for all the produce of the land, and of induſtry; the ſame crown may paſs ten times from the pocket of the cultivator, into that of the alehouſe-keeper, and of the tax-gatherer.

The Man of forty crowns.

I apprehend you. But you told me that we are, in all, about twenty millions of inhabitants, men, women, old and young. How much, pray, do you allow for each?

The Geometrician.

One hundred and twenty livres, or forty crowns.

The Man of forty crowns.

You have juſt gueſſed my revenue. I have four acres, which, reckoning the fallow years with thoſe of produce, bring me in one hundred and twenty livres; which is little enough, God knows.

What! If every individual was, in the golden age, to have his contingent, would that be no more than five louis d'ors (about five guineas) a year?

The Geometrician.

Certainly not, according to our calculation, which I have a little amplified. Such is the ſtate of

of human nature. Our life and our fortune have narrow limits: In Paris they do not, one with another, live above twenty two or twenty three years, and, one with another, have not, at the moſt, above a hundred and twenty livres a year to ſpend. So that your food, your raiment, your lodging, your moveables, are all repreſented by the ſum of 120 livres.

The Man of forty crowns.

Alas! What have I done to you, that you thus abridge me of my fortune and life? Can it then be true, that I have but three and twenty years to live, unleſs I rob my fellow-creatures of their ſhare?

The Geometrician.

This is inconteſtable in the good city of Paris. But from theſe twenty-three years you muſt deduct ten, at the leaſt, for your childhood, as childhood is not an enjoyment of life; it is a preparation; it is the porch of the edifice; it is the tree that has not yet given fruits; it is the dawn of a day. Then again from the thirteen years, which remain to you, deduct the time of ſleep, and that of tireſomneſs of life, and that will be at leaſt a moiety. You will then have ſix years and a half left to paſs in vexation, in pain, ſome pleaſures, and in hopes.

The Man of forty crowns.

Merciful heaven! At this rate, your account does not allow us above three years of tolerable exiſtence.

The Geometrician.

That is no fault of mine. Nature cares very little for individuals. There are other inſects which do not live above one day, but of which the ſpecies is perpetual. Nature reſembles thoſe great Princes, who reckon as nothing the loſs of four hundred thouſand men, ſo they but accompliſh their auguſt deſigns.

The Man of forty crowns.

Forty crowns and three years of life! What reſource can you imagine againſt two ſuch curſes?

The Geometrician.

As to life, it would be requiſite to render the air of Paris more pure; that men ſhould eat leſs and uſe more exerciſe; that mothers ſhould ſuckle their own children; that people ſhould be no longer ſo ill-adviſed as to dread inoculation. This is what I have already ſaid; and as to fortune, why, even marry and get ſons and daughters.

The Man of forty crowns.

How! Can the way to live more at eaſe be to aſſociate to my own bad circumſtances, thoſe of others?

The Geometrician.

Five or ſix bad circumſtances put together form a tolerable eſtabliſhment. Get a good wife, and we will ſay only two ſons and two daughters, this will make ſeven hundred and twenty livres for your little family, that is to ſay, if diſtributive juſtice was to take place, and that each individual had

had an hundred and twenty livres a year. Your children, in their infancy, ſtand you in almoſt nothing; when grown up they will eaſe and help you; their mutual aid will ſave you a great part of your expences, and you may live very happily, like a philoſopher; always provided that thoſe worthy gentlemen who govern the ſtate have not the barbarity to extort from each of you twenty crowns a year. But the misfortune is, we are no longer in the golden age, where the men, born all equals, had an equal part in the nutritive productions of uncultivated land. The caſe is now far from being ſo good an one, as that every two-handed biped poſſeſſes land to the value of an hundred and twenty livres a year.

The Man of forty crowns.

'Sdeath! you ruin us. You ſaid but juſt now, that in a country of fourſcore millions of acres of good enough land, and twenty millions of inhabitants, each of them ought to enjoy an hundred and twenty livres a year, and now you take them away from us again!

The Geometrician.

I was computing according to the regiſters of the golden age, but we muſt reckon according to that of iron. There are many inhabitants who have but the value of ten crowns a year, others no more than four or five, and above ſix millions of men who have abſolutely nothing.

The Man of forty crowns.

Nothing! Why they would periſh of hunger in three days time.

The Geometrician.

Not in the leaſt: the others who poſſeſs their portions, ſet them to work, and ſhare with them. It is out of this diſpoſition that the pay comes of the divine, the confectioner, the apothecary, the preacher, the actor, the attorney, and the hacney-coachman. You thought yourſelf very ill off, to have no more than an hundred and twenty livres a year, reduced to an hundred and eight by your tax of twelve livres: but conſider the ſoldiers who devote their blood to their country; at the rate of four-pence a day, they have not above ſixty-three livres a year for their livelihood, and yet they make a comfortable ſhift, by a number of them joining their little ſtock and living in common.

The Man of forty crowns.

So that an Ex-Jeſuit * has more than five times the pay of a ſoldier. And yet the ſoldiers have done more ſervice to the ſtate under the eyes of the king at Fontenoy, at Laufelt, at the ſiege of Fribourg, than the reverend father La Valette ever did in his life.

The Geometrician.

Nothing can be truer: Nay, every one of theſe turned adrift Jeſuits, being now become free, has

* One of that extinguiſhed order.

more

more to ſpend than what he coſt his convent. There are even of them who have gained a good deal of money by ſcribbling pamphlets againſt the Parlements, as for example, the reverend Father Patouillet, and the reverend Father Monote. In ſhort, in this world every one ſets his wits to work for a livelihood. One is at the head of a manufacture of ſtuffs; another of porcelain; another undertakes the opera; another the eccleſiaſtical gazette; another a tragedy in familiar life, or a novel or romance in the Engliſh taſte; this maintains the ſtationer, the ink-maker, the bookſeller, the hawker, who might elſe be reduced to beggary. There is nothing, then, but the reſtitution of the hundred and twenty livres to thoſe who have nothing, that makes the ſtate floriſh.

The Man of forty crowns.

A pretty way of floriſhing, truly!

The Geometrician.

And yet there is no other. In every country it is the rich that enable the poor to live. This is the ſole ſource of the induſtry of commerce. The more induſtrious a nation itſelf is, the more it gains from foreign ones. Could we, on our foreign trade, get ten millions a year by the balance in our favor, there would, in twenty years, be two hundred millions the more in the nation: this would afford ten livres a head more, on the ſuppoſition of an equitable diſtribution; that is to ſay, that the dealers would make each poor

perſon earn ten livres the more, once paid, in the hopes of making ſtill more conſiderable gains. But commerce, like the fertility of the earth, has its bounds, otherwiſe its progreſſion would be *ad infinitum:* nor, beſides, is it clear, that the balance of our trade is conſtantly favorable to us: there are times in which we loſe.

The Man of forty crowns.

I have heard much talk of population. Were we to take it into our heads to beget double the number of children we now do; were our country doubly peopled to what it now is, ſo that we had forty millions of inhabitants inſtead of twenty, what would be the conſequence?

The Geometrician.

It would be this: that one with another each would have, inſtead of forty, but twenty crowns to live upon; or that the land ſhould produce the double of what it now does; or that there ſhould be double the number of poor; or that there ſhould be the double of the national induſtry, or of gain from foreign countries; or that half of the people ſhould be ſent to America; or that one half of the nation ſhould eat the other.

The Man of forty crowns.

Let us then remain ſatisfied with our twenty millions of inhabitants, and with our hundred and twenty livres a head, diſtributed as it ſhall pleaſe the Lord. Yet this ſituation is a ſad one, and your iron age is of curſed hard ware.

The

The Geometrician.

There is no nation that is better off; and there are many that are worſe. Do you believe that there is in the north wherewithall to afford to each inhabitant the value of an hundred and twenty of our livres a year? If they had had the equivalent of this, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Francs would not have deſerted their country, in queſt of eſtabliſhments elſewhere, which they carried, fire and ſword in hand.

The Man of forty crowns.

If I was to liſten to you, you would perſuade me preſently that I am happy with my hundred and twenty livres.

The Geometrician.

If you would but think yourſelf happy, in ſuch caſe you would be ſo.

The Man of forty crowns.

A man cannot imagine what actually is not, unleſs he were mad.

The Geometrician.

I have already told you, that in order to be more at your eaſe, and more happy than you are, you ſhould take a wife; to which I tack, however, this clauſe, that ſhe has as well as you, one hundred and twenty livres a year; that is to ſay; four acres at ten crowns an acre. The antient Romans had each but one. If your children are induſtrious, they can each earn as much by their working for others.

The Man of forty crowns.

So that they may get money, without others loſing it.

The Geometrician.

Such is the law of all nations: there is no living but on theſe terms.

The Man of forty crowns.

And muſt my wife and I give each of us the half of our produce to the legiſlative and executive power, and the new miniſters of ſtate rob us of the price of our hard labor, and of the ſubſtance of our poor children, before they are able to get their livelihood? Pray, tell me, how much money will theſe new miniſters of ours bring into the king's coffers, on the foot of this *Jure divino* ſiſtem?

The Geometrician.

You pay twenty crowns on four acres, which bring you in forty. A rich man, who poſſeſſes four hundred acres will, by the new tariff, pay two thouſand crowns; and the whole fourſcore millions of acres will yield to the king twelve hundred millions of livres a year, or four hundred millions of crowns.

The Man of forty crowns.

That appears to me impracticable and impoſſible.

The Geometrician.

And very much in the right you are to think ſo: and this impoſſibility is a geometrical demonſtration

monſtration that there is a fundamental defect in the calculate of our new miniſters.

The Man of forty crowns.

Is not there alſo demonſtrably a prodigious injuſtice in taking from me the half of my corn, of my hemp, of the wool of my ſheep, &c. and, at the ſame time, to require no aid from thoſe who ſhall have gained ten, twenty, or thirty thouſand livres a year, by my hemp, of which they will have made linnen, by my wool, of which they will have made cloth, by my corn, which they will have ſold at ſo much more than it coſt them ?

The Geometrician.

The injuſtice of this adminiſtration is as evident as its calculate is erroneous. It is right to favor induſtry; but opulent induſtry ought to contribute to ſupport the ſtate. This induſtry will have certainly taken from you a part of your one hundred and twenty livres, and appropriated that part to itſelf, in ſelling you your ſhirts and your coat twenty times dearer than they would have coſt you, if you had made them yourſelf. The manufacturer who ſhall have enriched himſelf, at your expence, will, I allow, have alſo paid wages to his workmen, who had nothing of themſelves, but he will every year, have ſunk and put by a ſum that will, at length, have produced to him, thirty thouſand livres a year. This fortune then he will have acquired at your expence. Nor can

you ever ſell him the produce of your land dear enough to reimburſe you what he will have got by you; for were you to attempt ſuch an advance of your price, he would procure what he wanted cheaper from other countries. A proof of which is, that he remains conſtantly poſſeſſor of his thirty thouſand livres a year, and you of your one hundred and twenty livres, which often diminiſh, inſtead of increaſing.

It is then neceſſary and equitable, that the refined induſtry of the trader ſhould pay more than the groſs induſtry of the farmer. The ſame is to be ſaid of the collectors of the revenue. Your tax had hitherto been of twelve livres before that our great miniſters were pleaſed to take from you twenty crowns. On theſe twelve livres the collector retained ten pence or ten *ſols* for himſelf. If in your province there were five hundred thouſand ſouls, he will have gained two hundred and fifty thouſand livres a year. Suppoſe he ſpends fifty thouſand, it is clear, that at the end of ten years he will be two millions in pocket. It is then but juſt, that he ſhould contribute his proportion, otherwiſe, every thing would be perverted, and go to ruin.

The Man of forty crowns.

I am glad, however, you have taxed the officer of the revenue; that is ſome relief to my imagination. But ſince he has ſo well increaſed his ſuperfluity, how ſhall I do to augment my ſmall modicum? *The*

The Geometrician.

I have already told you, by marrying, by laboring, by trying to procure from your land ſome ſheaves more of corn than what it has been uſed to produce to you.

The Man of forty crowns.

Well! granted then that I ſhall have been duly induſtrious; that all my countrymen will have been ſo too; and that the legiſlative and executive power ſhall have received a good round tax, how much will the nation have gained at the end of the year?

The Geometrician.

Nothing at all; unleſs it ſhall have carried on a profitable foreign trade; but life will have been more commodious in it. Every one will, reſpectively, in proportion, have had more cloaths, more linnen, more moveables than he had before. There will have been in the nation a more abundant circulation. The wages will have been, in proceſs of time, more augmented, nearly in proportion to the number of the ſheaves of corn, of the tods of wool, of the ox-hides, of the deer and goats, that will have been employed, of the cluſters of grapes that will have been ſqueezed in the wine-preſs. More of the value of commodities will have been paid to the king in money, and the king will have returned more value to thoſe he will have employed under his orders;

but there will not be half-a-crown the more in the kingdom.

The Man of forty crowns.

What will then remain to the government at the end of the year ?'

The Geometrician.

Once more nothing. This is the caſe of government in general. It never lays by any thing : it will have got its living, that is to ſay, its food, raiment, lodging, moveables ; the ſubject will have done ſo too : where a government amaſſes treaſure, it will have ſqueezed from the circulation ſo much money as it will have amaſſed. It will have made ſo many wretched as it will have put by forty crowns in its coffers.

The Man of forty crowns.

At this rate then, Henry IV. was but a mean ſpirited wretch, a miſer, a plunderer ; for I have been told that he had cheſted up, in the Baſtile, above fifty millions of livres according to our preſent currency.

The Geometrician.

He was a man as good, and as prudent, as he was brave. He was preparing to make a juſt war, and by amaſſing in his coffers twenty two millions of the currency of that time, beſides which he had twenty more to receive, which he left in circulation, he ſpared the people above a hundred millions that it would have coſt, if he had not taken thoſe uſeful meaſures. He made himſelf

himſelf morally ſure of the ſucceſs againſt an enemy who had not taken the like precautions. The calculate of probabilities was prodigiouſly in his favor. His twenty two millions, in bank, proved that there was then in this kingdom twenty two millions of ſurpluſage of the territorial produce, ſo that no-one was a ſufferer.

The Man of forty crowns.

My old man then told me but the truth, when he ſaid that the ſubject was in proportion more rich under the adminiſtration of the Duke of Sully than under that of our new miniſters, who had laid on the *ſingle* tax, the *ſole* tax, and who, out of my forty crowns have taken away twenty. Pray, tell me, is there any nation in the world beſides that enjoys this precious advantage of the *ſole tax?*

The Geometrician.

Not one opulent nation. The Engliſh, who are not much given to laughing, could not, however, help burſting out, when they heard that men of parts, among us, had propoſed this kind of adminiſtration. The Chineſe exact a tax from all the foreign trading ſhips that reſort to Canton. The Dutch pay, at Nangazaqui, when they are received in Japan, under pretext that they are not Chriſtians. The Laplanders, and the Samoieds, are indeed ſubjected to a ſole tax in ſables or marten-ſkins; the republic of St. Marino pays nothing

nothing more than tythes for the maintenance of that ſtate in its ſplendor.

There is in Europe, a nation celebrated for its equity and its valor, that pays no tax. This is Switzerland. But thus it has happened. The people have put themſelves in the place of the Dukes of Auſtria and of Zeringue; the ſmall cantons are democratical, and very poor: each inhabitant pays but a trifling ſum towards the ſupport of his little republic. In the rich cantons, the people are charged, for the ſtate, with thoſe duties which the Archdukes of Auſtria, and the Lords of the Land uſed to exact: the Proteſtant cantons are, in proportion, twice as rich as the Catholics, becauſe the ſtate, in the firſt, poſſeſſes the lands of the monks. Thoſe who were formerly ſubjects to the Archdukes of Auſtria, to the Dukes of Zeringue, and to the monks, are now the ſubjects of their own conntry. They pay to that country the ſame tythes, the ſame fines of alienation, that they paid to their former maſters; and as the ſubjects, in general, have very little trade, their merchandiſe is liable to no charges, except ſome ſmall ſtaple-duties. The men make a trade of their courage, in their dealings with foreign powers, and ſell themſelves for a certain term of years, which brings ſome money into their country at our expence; and this example is as ſingular an one in the civiliſed world,

world, as is the ſole tax now laid on by your new legiſlators.

The Man of forty crowns.

So, Sir, that the Swiſs are not plundered, *Jure divino*, of one half of their goods; and he that has four cows is not obliged to give two of them to the ſtate?

The Geometrician.

Undoubtedly, not. In one canton, upon thirteen tons of wine, they pay one, and drink the other twelve. In another canton, they pay the twelfth, and drink the remaining eleven.

The Man of forty crowns.

Why, am not I a Swiſs? That curſed tax, that ſingle and ſingularly iniquitous tax, that has reduced me to beggary! But then again, three or four hundred taxes of which the bare names it is impoſſible for me to retain or pronounce, are they more juſt and more tolerable? Was there ever a legiſlator, who in founding a ſtate, could imagine to create counſellors to the king, coal-meters, gaugers of wine, meaſurers of wood, ſearchers of hogs tongues, comptrollers of ſalt butter? Or to maintain an army of raſcals twice as numerous as that of Alexander, commanded by ſixty generals who lay the country under contribution, who gain, every day, ſignal victories, who take priſoners, and who ſometimes ſacrifice them in the air, or on a boarded ſtage, as the antient

tient Scythians did, according to what my vicar told me?

Now, was ſuch a legiſlation, againſt which ſo many outcries were raiſed, and which cauſed the ſhedding ſo much tears, much better than the new ſubſtituted one, which, at one ſtroke, cleanly and quietly takes away half of my ſubſiſtence? I am afraid, that on a fair liquidation, it will be found that under the antient ſyſtem of the revenue, they uſed to take, at times and in detail, three quarters of it.

The Geometrician.

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

Eſt modus in rebus. Caveas ne quid nimis.

The Man of forty crowns.

I have learnt a little of hiſtory, and ſomething of geometry; but I do not underſtand a word of Latin.

The Geometrician.

The ſenſe is, pretty nearly, as follows. *There is wrong on both ſides. Keep to a medium in every thing. Nothing too much.*

The Man of forty crowns.

I ſay, Nothing too much; that is my ſituation; but the worſt of it is, I have not enough.

The Geometrician.

I allow that you muſt periſh of want, and I too, and the ſtate too, if the new adminiſtration ſhould continue only two years longer; but it

it is to be hoped that Heaven will have mercy on us.

The Man of forty crowns.

We paſs our lives in hope, and die hoping to the laſt. Adieu, Sir, you have enlightened me, but my heart is grieved.

The Geometrician.

That is often the fruit of knowledge.

ADVENTURE WITH A CARMELITE.

WHEN I had thanked the academician of the academy of ſciences, for his having ſet me right, I went away quite out of heart, praiſing providence, but muttering between my teeth theſe doleful words: *What! to have no more than twenty crowns a year to live on, nor more than twenty-two years to live!* Alas! may our life be yet ſhorter, ſince it is to be ſo miſerable!

As I was ſaying this, I found myſelf juſt over-againſt a ſuperb houſe. Already was I feeling myſelf preſſed by hunger. I had not ſo much as the hundred and twentieth part of the ſum that by right belongs to each individual. But as ſoon as I was told that this was the palace of the reverend fathers, the bare-footed Carmelites, I con-

conceived great hopes, and ſaid to myſelf, ſince theſe ſaints are humble enough to go bare-footed, they will be charitable enough to give me a dinner.

I rang. A Carmalite came to the door. "What would you pleaſe to have, my ſon?"—A morſel of bread, my reverend father: the new edicts have ſtripped me of every thing.—"Son, we "ourſelves beg charity, we do not beſtow it."—What! while your holy inſtitute forbids you to wear ſhoes, you have the houſe of a prince, and you refuſe me a meal!—"My ſon, it is true, "we go without ſtockings and ſhoes; that is "an expence the leſs: we feel no more cold in "our feet than in our hands; and if our holy "inſtitute had enjoined us to go bare a—rſ—d, "we ſhould feel as little cold in our backſide. "As to our fine houſe, we built it very eaſily, "as we have a hundred thouſand livres a year of "income, by houſes in the ſame ſtreet."

So then! you ſuffer me to die of hunger, while you have an income of a hundred thouſand livres! I ſuppoſe you pay fifty thouſand of theſe to the new government.

"Heaven preſerve us from paying a ſingle "farthing! It is only the produce of the land "cultivated by laborious hands, callous with "work, and moiſtened with tears, that owes "taxes to the legiſlative and executive power. "The alms which have been beſtowed upon us,

"have

" have enabled us to build thoſe houſes by the " rent of which we get a hundred thouſand " livres a year. But theſe alms, coming from " the fruits of the earth, and having, conſequent- " ly already paid the tax, ought not to pay twice; " they have ſanctified the faithful believers, who " have impoveriſhed themſelves to enrich us, " and we continue to beg charity, and to lay " under contribution the Faux-bourg of St. " Germain, in order to ſanctify more of the " faithful believers."—Having ſo ſaid, the Carmelite ſhut the door in my face.

I then paſſed along and ſtopped before the *Hôtel* of the *Mouſquetaires gris*, and relating to thoſe gentlemen, what had juſt happened to me, they gave me a good dinner and half-a-crown, *(un ecu.)* One of them propoſed to go directly and ſet fire to the convent; but a muſqueteer more diſcreet than he, remonſtrated to him that the time was not yet come, and begged him to wait a year or two firſt.

AUDI-

AUDIENCE
OF THE
COMPTROLLER GENERAL.

I WENT, with my Half-crown, to preſent a petition to the Comptroller General, who was that day giving audience.

His antichamber was filled with people of all kinds. There were there eſpecially ſome with more bluff faces, more prominent bellies, and more arrogant looks than my man of eight millions. I durſt not draw near to them : I ſaw them, but they did not ſee me.

A monk, a great man for tythes, had begun a ſuit at law againſt certain ſubjects of the ſtate, whom he called his tenants. He had already a larger income than the half of his pariſhioners put together, and was moreover Lord of the Manor. His claim was, that whereas his vaſſals had, with infinite pains, converted their heaths into vineyards, they owed him a tythe of the wine, which, taking into the account the price of labor, of the vine-props, of the caſks and cellaridge, would carry off above a quarter of the produce. But, ſaid he, as the tythes are due, *Jure divino*, I demand the quarter of the ſubſtance of my tenants, in the name of God.

The

The miniſter of the revenue ſaid to him, I ſee how charitable you are.

A farmer-general, extremely well-ſkilled in aſſeſſments, interpoſed, (ſaying,) Sir, that village can afford nothing to this monk; as I have, but the laſt year, made the pariſhioners pay thirty-two taxes on their wine, beſides their over-conſumption of the allowance for their own drinking: they are entirely ruined. I have ſeized and ſold their cattle and moveables, and yet they are ſtill my debtors. I proteſt then againſt the claim of the reverend father.

You are in the right, anſwered the miniſter of the revenue, to be his rival; you both equally love your neighbour, and you both edify me.

A third, a monk and lord of the manor, whoſe tenants were in mortmain, was waiting for a decree of the council that ſhould put him in poſſeſſion of all the eſtate of a Paris-cockney, who, having inadvertently lived a year and a day in a houſe ſubject to this ſervitude, and incloſed within the lands of this prieſt, had died at the year's end. The monk was claiming all the eſtate of this cockney, and claiming it *jure divino*.

The miniſter found by this, that the heart of this monk was as juſt and as tender as that of the two firſt.

A fourth, who was comptroller of the royal domains, preſented a ſpecious memorial, in which he juſtified himſelf for his having reduced twenty

families to beggary. They had inherited from their uncles, their aunts, their brothers, or couſins; and were liable to pay the duties. The officer of the domain had generouſly proved to them, that they had not ſet the full value on their inheritances, that they were much richer than they believed; and conſequently having condemned them to a triple fine, ruined them in charges, and thrown the heads of the families into jail, he had bought their beſt poſſeſſions without untying his purſe-ſtrings.

The comptroller-general ſaid to him, (in a tone indeed rather bitter,) *Euge, controlleur bone et fidelis, quia ſupra pauca fuiſti fidelis, fermier-general te conſtituam* (*). But to a maſter of the requeſts, who was ſtanding at his ſide, he ſaid in a low voice; we muſt make theſe blood-ſuckers, ſacred and prophane, diſgorge: It is time to give ſome relief to the people, who, without our care, and our equity, would have nothing to live on in this world, at leaſt, however, they might do in the other (†).

Some, of a profound genius, preſented projects to him. One of them had imagined a

(*) I got a learned man of forty crowns, to explain theſe words to me, and I own they diverted me. It is a parody of the twenty-firſt verſe of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Mathew. *Well done thou good and faithful comptroller; ſince thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee farmer-general.*

(†) A caſe nearly reſembling this, came into exiſtence in the province where I live, and the comptroller of the domain was forced to make reſtitution; but he was not puniſhed.

ſcheme

ſcheme to lay a tax on wit. All the world, ſaid he, will be eager to pay, as no-one cares to paſs for a fool. The miniſter declared to him, I exempt you from the tax.

Another propoſed to lay the *only* tax upon ſongs and laughing, in conſideration that we were the merrieſt nation under the ſun, and that a ſong was a relief and comfort for every thing. But the miniſter obſerved, that of late, there were hardly any ſongs of pleaſantry made; and he was afraid that, to eſcape the tax, we ſhould become too ſerious.

The next that preſented himſelf, was a truſty and loyal ſubject, who offered to raiſe for the king three times as much, by making the nation pay three times leſs. The miniſter adviſed him to learn arithmetic.

A fourth proved to the king, in the way of *friendſhip*, that he could not raiſe above ſeventy-five millions, but that he was going to procure him two hundred and twenty-five. You will oblige me in this, ſaid the miniſter, as ſoon as we ſhall have paid the public debts.

At length, who ſhould appear, but a deputy of the new author, who makes the legiſlative power co-proprietor of all our lands, *jure divino*, and who was giving the king twelve hundred millions of revenue. I knew the man again who had flung me into priſon, for my not having paid my twenty crowns, and throwing myſelf at

the feet of the comptroller-general, I implored his juſtice; upon which, he burſt out a laughing, and telling me, it was a trick that had been played me, he ordered the doers of this miſchief in jeſt to pay me a hundred crowns damages, and exempted me from the land-tax for the reſt of my life. I ſaid to him, God bleſs your honor!

LETTER TO *The* MAN *of* FORTY CROWNS.

THOUGH I am three times as rich as you, that is to ſay, though I poſſeſs an income of three hundred and ſixty livres, (about fifteen pounds,) I write to you as from equal to equal, without affecting the inſolence of great fortunes.

I have read the ſtory of your diſaſter, and of the juſtice done you by the comptroller-general; and congratulate you on it. But unfortunately, I have been juſt reading the *patriot-revenue-man*, notwithſtanding the repugnance with which the title had inſpired me; a title that ſeems to many to imply contradiction. This patriot takes from you twenty livres of your income, and from me ſixty; he allows but a hundred livres a head to each individual, on the totality of the inhabitants.

In

In recompence however of this, a not leſs illuſtrious perſon ſwells our income to a hundred and fifty livres; ſo that I ſee your geometrician has pitched upon a juſt medium. He is not, I find, one of thoſe magnificent lords, who, with the ſtroke of a pen, people Paris with a million of inhabitants, and make you circulate fifteen hundred millions of hard ſpecie in the kingdom, after all that we have loſt in the laſt wars.

As you are a great reader, I will lend you the *Patriot-revenue-man.* But do not you believe him in every thing. He quotes the teſtament of that great miniſter Colbert, and does not know that it is a ridiculous rhapſody made by one Gatien de Courtils. He quotes the tything project of the marſhal de Vauban, and does not know that it is the production of a certain Boiſguilbert. He quotes the teſtament of cardinal Richelieu, and does not know that it is the work of the abbot de Bourzeis. He ſuppoſes that the cardinal aſſures, *that when the price of meat riſes, the pay of the ſoldier is alſo raiſed.* And yet meat was, under his miniſtry, notably dearer than before, and the pay of the ſoldier was not augmented; which proves, independently of a hundred proofs, that this book, known and acknowledged to be ſuppoſititious, when it firſt appeared, and afterwards attributed to the cardinal himſelf, belongs no more to him, than the teſtaments of

the cardinal Alberoni and of the marſhal Belleiſle, belong to them.

Ever, while you live, diſtruſt teſtaments and ſiſtems. Like you, I have been the victim of them. If the modern Solons and Lycurguſes have made their ſport of you, the new Triptolemuſes have yet made more a fool of me; and had not it been for a ſmall inheritance that revived me a little, I ſhould have died of want.

I have a hundred and twenty acres of plowland, in the fineſt country in nature, but the ſoil of them is one of the worſt imaginable. Every acre returns me, clear of all charges, in this country, no more than a crown of three livres. As ſoon as I had red in one of the Journals that a man celebrated for agriculture, had invented a new ſeed-machine, and that he ſowed his ground, in beds, that by ſowing leſs he might reap the more, I borrowed quickly money, bought a ſeed-machine, plowed in beds, and loſt my money and trouble, as well as the illuſtrious author of that agriculture, who himſelf ſows no longer by beds.

My ill fortune would have it that I ſhould read the Oeconomical Journal, ſold in Paris, at Boudot's. I chanced to light on the experiment of an ingenious Pariſian, who, to divert himſelf, had made his parterre receive fifteen plowings, where he ſowed corn, inſtead of planting it with tulips; and had a prodigious harveſt. I have, thought

thought I, nothing more to do than to beſtow thirty plowings on my land, and I ſhall have double the harveſt of that worthy Pariſian, who had formed to himſelf his principles of agriculture, at the opera and play-houſe, and I ſhall certainly be enriched by his leſſons and example.

Four tilths only are in my country an impoſſibility, the ſeverity and ſudden changes of weather do not allow it: and beſides, the misfortune I had had of ſowing, by beds, like the foremention-ed illuſtrious adept in agriculture, had obliged me to ſell my plow-tackle, and beaſts. I made my hundred and twenty acres be plowed by all the ploughs within four leagues round. Three tilths for each acre coſt twelve livres; it is the ſtated price. But my point was to beſtow on each acre thirty dreſſings. The plowing of each acre coſt me 120 livres; ſo that my whole 120 acres ſtood me in their dreſſings 14,400 livres. My harveſt, which, in my curſed country yields me, *communibus annis*, three hundred meaſures, amounted, I muſt confeſs, this year, to 330, which, at twenty livres the meaſure, produced to me ſix thouſand ſix hundred livres; I loſt ſeven thouſand eight hundred livres. It is true I had the ſtraw.

I ſhould have been undone, ruined to all intents and purpoſes, but for an old aunt, whom a great phiſician diſpatched to the other world, by

his reaſoning about as well in phyſic, as I had done in agriculture.

Who would now believe, that I ſhould ſuffer myſelf to be again ſeduced by Boudot's Journal? After all, thought I, that man could not have ſworn particularly my ruin. I red in his Collection, that I need only to make an advance of four thouſand livres, to procure myſelf an income of four thouſand livres a year in artichokes. Well then, behold my four thouſand livres expended, and my artichokes devoured by field-mice. Upon which I was hooted at, all over the country, like Rabelais's poor devil of Papefiguiere.

I wrote a fulminating letter to Boudot. All the anſwer the miſcreant made to it, was in his Journal to raiſe a laugh at my expence. He had too the impudence to deny that the Caribbeans were born red. I was obliged to ſend him the atteſtation of an antient king's council at Guadaloupe, to prove that God had made the Caribbeans red, and the Negroes black. But this little victory did not hinder my loſing to the very laſt farthing of my aunt's inheritance, by my having believed in the new ſiſtems. My dear Sir, once more, take care of quacks of all kinds.

NEW GRIEFS

OCCASIONED BY

The NEW SISTEMS.

The following little extract is taken from the manuſcripts of an old man retired from the world.

I FIND that if ſome loyal ſubjects have amuſed themſelves with governing ſtates, and with putting themſelves in the place of kings, if others again have believed themſelves Triptolemuſes and Cereſes, there are others yet more high-minded, who have, without ceremony, ſet themſelves in the place of God, and who have created the univerſe with their pen, as the Almighty did of old with his word.

One of the firſt who preſented himſelf to my adoration, was a deſcendant of Thales; under the name of Teliamed, who informed me, that the mountains and men were produced by the waters of the ſea. There were at firſt, pretty marine men, who afterwards became amphibious. Their charming forked tail changed to thighs and legs. I had my head then, full of Ovid's metamorphoſes, and of a book, in which it was demonſtrated that the race of men was a baſtard

race

race of baboons. For my part, I had as lief deſcend from a fiſh as from a baboon.

In proceſs of time I had ſome doubts about this ſame genealogy, and even on the formation of mountains. What! (ſaid he) do not you know that the currents of the ſea, which are for ever caſting up ſand, to the right and left, and to the height at moſt of ten or twelve feet, have produced, in an infinite ſeries of ages, mountains of twenty thouſand feet high, the which are not indeed of ſand? Learn that the ſea muſt abſolutely have covered the globe. A proof of which is, that anchors of ſhips have been ſeen on the mountain of St. Bernard, which were there many ages before men had ſhips.

Figure to yourſelf that the earth is a *globe of glaſs* which was long covered with water. The more he urged his doctrine to me, the more incredulous was I. What! (ſaid he) have not you ſeen the *Fallun* of Touraine, which is thirty-ſix miles from the ſea? It is a heap of ſhells, with which they enrich the ground as with any other manure. Now, if, in a ſucceſſion of ages, the ſea could depoſite a whole mine of ſhells at thirty ſix leagues from the Ocean, why may it not, in the courſe of a number of ages, have gone ſo far as three thouſand leagues on our globe of glaſs?

I anſwered him, Monſieur Teliamed, there are people who can walk fifteen miles a day; but they

they cannot walk fifty. I do not believe my garden is of glaſs; and as to your *Fallun*, I doubt as yet of its being a bed of ſea-ſhells. It may be only a mine of calcarious ſtones, which eaſily take the form of ſhells, as there are ſtones which have the figure of tongues, and yet are not tongues; of ſtars, which are not ſtars; of coiled ſnakes, which are not ſnakes; of women's ſexual parts, which are not the ſpoils of ladies. One may ſee dendrites, and figured ſtones, which repreſent trees and houſes, without thoſe little ſtones having been either oaks or houſes.

If the ſea had depoſited ſo many beds of ſhells in Touraine, why would it have neglected Britany, Normandy, Picardy, and all the other coaſts? I am ſadly afraid that this ſo much boaſted Fallun is no more made by the ſea than men are. And even ſhould the ſea have diffuſed itſelf ſo far as thirty-ſix leagues, it does not follow that it ſhould have gone ſo far as three thouſand, or but three hundred leagues, and that all mountains have been produced by the waters. I had as lief ſay that the Caucaſus had formed the ſea, as pretend that the ſea has made the Caucaſus.

"But, Mr. Incredulous, what will you ſay to "the petrified oiſters which have been found on "the ſummit of the Alps?"

I would anſwer, Maſter Creator, I have no more ſeen petrified oiſters than anchors of ſhips on the top of Mount Cenis. I would anſwer, as has

has already been ſaid, that oiſter-ſhells, (which, by the way, petrify very eaſily,) may have been found at great diſtances from the ſea, as Roman medals have been dug up at a hundred leagues from Rome; and I would ſooner believe that any pilgrims of St. James had left ſome ſhells towards St. Maurice, than I would imagine that the ſea had formed the mountain of St. Bernard.

There are cockle-ſhells every were; but it is very ſure that they are not as likely to be the ſpoils of the teſtaceous, and cruſtaceous kinds in our rivers, as of any little ſea-fiſh?

" Mr. Incredulous, I ſhall turn you into ri-
" dicule in the world which I propoſe to create."

Great Creator, you need not have my leave for that: every one is the maſter in his own world; but you will never make me believe that the one in which we are is made of glaſs; or that ſome cockle-ſhells are demonſtrations that the ſea has produced the Alps and the mountain Taurus. You know there are no cockle-ſhells in the hills of America. It cannot then be you who created that hemiſphere; you muſt have reſted ſatisfied with creating the antient world, and that is full enough.

—— " Sir,—Sir, if there have not as yet
" been diſcovered ſhells on the mountains of
" America, there *will be*."

—— Sir, this is talking like a creator, who knows his own ſecret, and is cockſure of his work.

work. I leave you, if you pleaſe, your *Fallun*, ſo you will but leave me my mountains. As to any thing more, I am the moſt humble and moſt obedient humble ſervant of your foreſight.

During the time that I was thus laying out for inſtruction with Teliamed, an Iriſh Jeſuit in the diſguiſe of a man, a great obſerver withall, and equipped with good microſcopes, made ſome eels with the flour of damaged corn. Thence it was concluded, without doubt, that one might make men with the flour of good wheat. They immediately then created organical particles which compoſed men. And why not? The great geometrician, Fatio, had raiſed ſome from the dead in London; and ſurely it was quite as eaſy to make living men out of organical particles, at Paris; but unhappily, the new eels of Needham having diſappeared, the new men diſappeared too, and took their flight among the monades which they met in the plenum in the midſt of the ſubtile, globulous, and chamfered matter.

It is not that theſe creators of ſiſtems have not done great ſervices to natural philoſophy; Heavens forbid that I ſhould deſpiſe their labors! They have been compared to alchimiſts, who, while making gold, (which by the by is not to be made,) have hit upon good medicines, or diſcovered at leaſt very curious things. One may be a man of extraordinary merit, and yet deceive oneſelf as to the formation of animals, and the ſtructure of the globe. The

The fiſh changed into men, and the waters into mountains, had not done me ſo much miſchief as monſieur Boudot. I very contentedly confined myſelf then to doubting, when a Laplander took me under his protection. This was a profound philoſopher, but who could never forgive thoſe that were not of his opinion. The firſt thing he did, was to make me ſee clearly into futurity, by exalting my ſoul. I made ſuch prodigious efforts of exaltation, that I fell ſick with the ſtraining; but he cured me by plaiſtering me all over with reſin, from head to foot. Scarce was I in a condition to walk, before he propoſed to me a voyage to *Terra Auſtralis*, to diſſect the heads of giants, by which we ſhould arrive at knowing clearly the nature of the ſoul. He made a great hole be dug in the terraqueous globe; which hole went directly to the Patagonians. We ſet off; but I broke my leg at the entrance of the hole, and it was not without great difficulty that I got it ſet again: a callus has formed on it, which has greatly relieved me.

I have already ſpoke of this in one of my diatribes for the inſtruction of the *Univerſe*, ever attentive to theſe great matters. I am now far advanced in years, and love to repeat ſometimes my old ſtories, the better to beat them into the heads of the youngſters, for whom it is ſo long that I am at work.

MAR-

MARRIAGE

OF

The MAN *of* FORTY CROWNS.

THE man of forty crowns had greatly formed his underſtanding, and having made a kind of little fortune, married a very pretty girl who had a hundred crowns a year of her own. His wife ſoon grew pregnant. Upon which he went to his geometrician, and aſked him, Whether ſhe would bring him a boy or a girl? The geometrician gave him for anſwer, that the midwives and nurſes could commonly give a pretty good gueſs, but that the natural philoſophers who foretell eclipſes, were not ſo knowing as they.

He deſired next to know, Whether his ſon or his daughter, be it which it might, had already a ſoul? The geometrician told him, that was not of his competence to ſatisfy him, but that he might conſult on it the divine at the corner-houſe.

The man of forty crowns, who was already the man of two hundred crowns at leaſt, aſked in what place his child was? In a little pocket, ſaid his friend to him, between the bladder and the *inteſtinum rectum*. Heavenly father! cried he,

he, what! the ſoul of my ſon born and lodged between urine, and ſomething worſe yet!—" Yes, dear neighbour, the ſoul of a cardinal " had no other cradle; and with all that, how " proud! and what airs do not men give them-" ſelves!"

O, moſt learned Sir, could not you tell me how children are got.

—— " No, my good friend; but if you " pleaſe, I will tell you what philoſophers have " imagined, that is to ſay, how children are not " got.

" Firſt the reverend father Sanchez, in his " excellent book *de Matrimonio*, is entirely of " Hippocrates's opinion; he believes it, as an " article of faith, that the two fluid vehicles of " the male and female ſpirt out and unite toge-" ther, and that it is in the moment of this union " that the child is conceived; and ſo perſuaded " is he of this ſiſtem of natural philoſophy become " theological, that he examines in the 21ſt chap-" ter of his ſecond book, *Utrum Virgo Maria* " *ſemen emiſerit in copulatione cum Spiritu Sancto.*"

My good Sir, I have told you before that I do not underſtand a word of Latin: pray, explain me in French the oracle of the father Sanchez. The Geometrician tranſlated to him the text, and both of them ſhuddered with horror.

The new married man, however, though he thought Sanchez prodigiouſly ridiculous, was

ſatisfied

ſatisfied well enough with Hippocrates; and flattered himſelf that his wife had fulfilled all the requiſites ſet forth by that phiſician, for a child's being got.

" Unhappily (ſaid his neighbour) there are " many women who furniſh no liquid, but who " receive with nothing but averſion the embraces " of their hnſbands, and yet have children by " them. This alone decides againſt Hippocrates " and Sanchez.

" Beſides, it is moſt likely that nature always " acts in the ſame caſes by the ſame principles. " Now there are many ſpecieſes of animals who " ingender without copulation, ſuch as ſcaly fiſh, " oiſters, vinefretters. The natural philoſophers " were then obliged to look out for a mechaniſm " of generation, that ſhould account in common " for that of all animals. The celebrated Har- " vey, who was the firſt that demonſtrated the " circulation, and who was worthy of diſcover- " ing the ſecret of nature, thought he diſcovered " it in fowls; they lay eggs; whence he judged " that women laid them too. The witlings " ſaid that this muſt be the reaſon why ſome cits, " and even ſome of the court, called their wife " or their miſtreſs *ma poule* (*), and that the " women were called coquettes, becauſe they " wanted the cocks to make love to them. In " ſpite of theſe railleries, Harvey did not change

(*) There is no rendering this well into Engliſh.

" his opinion, and it became an eſtabliſhed one " over all Europe, that we came from an egg."

The Man of forty crowns.

But, Sir, you have told me, that nature is always reſembling to herſelf, that ſhe always acts by the ſame principle in the ſame caſe: now, women, mares, ſhe-aſſes, eels, do not lay eggs. You are bantering me.

The Geometrician.

They do not lay eggs outwardly: they lay them inwardly. They have ovaries juſt as all birds have; mares and eels have them too. An egg detaches itſelf from the ovary; it receives its brooding in the matrix. Mark all the ſcaly fiſhes, the frogs, they eject their eggs which the male fecundates. The whales, and other ſea-animals of that kind, make their eggs hatch in their matrix. Mites, moths, the vileſt inſects, are viſibly formed out of an egg. Every thing comes from an egg; and our globe is one great egg which contains all the others.

The Man of forty crowns.

Nay, I muſt own, this ſiſtem appears to have all the characters of truth; it is ſimple, it is uniform, it ſtands demonſtrated to the eye in above the half of the animal creation: in ſhort, I am well ſatisfied with it; I ſtick to this ſolution, and deſire no other; my wife's eggs are very dear to me.

The

The Geometrician.

People grew, at length, tired with this ſiſtem; and children were begotten, upon another plan.

The Man of forty crowns.

But why? Since that one was ſo natural.

The Geometrician.

Becauſe it has been pretended, that the women have no ovaries, but only ſmall glands.

The Man of forty crowns.

I ſuſpect that thoſe who had another ſiſtem to broach, wanted to diſcredit the eggs.

The Geometrician.

There may be ſomething in that. Two Dutchmen took it into their head to examine the ſeminal liquid by a microſcope, that of the man, and that of various other animals; and they thought they perceived in them animals already quite formed, that moved with an inconceivable velocity. They ſaw ſome, even in the ſeminal fluid of the cock. Then it was judged that the males did every thing, and the females nothing; theſe were no longer of any other ſervice to generation, than to be the bearers of the treaſure which the male had truſted to them.

The Man of forty crowns.

This ſeems to me very ſtrange. I have ſome doubts concerning thoſe little animals that friſk about ſo prodigiouſly in a liquid, to remain afterwards motionleſs in the eggs of birds, and to be no leſs motionleſs, (ſome few leaps excepted,)

in the womb of the woman. This does not to me appear conſequential; it is not, as far as I can judge, the proceſs of nature. Pray, be ſo good to tell me, what kind of make theſe little men are of, who are ſuch good ſwimmers in the liquid you talk off?

The Geometrician.

They are like worms. There was particularly, a phiſician called Andri, who ſaw worms every where, and whom nothing would ſerve, but he would abſolutely deſtroy Harvey's ſiſtem. He would, if he could, have exploded the circulation of the blood, only becauſe another had diſcovered it. In ſhort, two Dutchmen, and monſieur Andri, by dint of falling into the ſin of Onan, and of ſeeing things by a microſcope, degraded man into a grub. Like that we are at firſt a worm; thence, under our cover, we become like that, for nine months, a true chryſalid. After which, the grub comes to be a butterfly, as we come to be men: ſuch are our metamorphoſes.

The Man of forty crowns.

Well, then; was that opinion kept to? Has there been ſince no new faſhion?

The Geometrician.

Men grew ſick, at length, of this grub-origin. A philoſopher, of great humor and pleaſantry, has diſcovered, in his *Venus Phyſique*, that attraction begets children, and thus the thing is operated.

operated. The ſeed being fallen into the matrix, the right eye attracts the left eye, which ſets off to come and unite with it, in quality of eye, but is hindered by the noſe which it meets by the way, and which obliges it to place itſelf on the left. So it is of the arms, of the thighs, and of the legs, which are ſet on to the thighs. On this hypotheſis, it is not eaſy, however, to explain the ſituation of the breaſts and buttocks. This great philoſopher does not admit of any deſign, on the part of the creator, in the formation of animals. He is far from believing that the heart was made to receive the blood, and to propell it, the ſtomach to digeſt, the eyes to ſee, the ears to hear; this appeared too vulgar to him; with him every thing is performed by attraction.

The Man of forty crowns.

He muſt be the prince of fools. I flatter myſelf, that no-one could adopt ſo extravagantly abſurd an idea.

The Geometrician.

It raiſed a great laugh; but what was melancholic in it, was, that this madman reſembled the divines, who, to the utmoſt of their power, perſecute thoſe whom they cauſe to laugh.

Other philoſophers have imagined other modes of generation, which have not ſucceeded better; according to ſome, it is not the arm that goes to meet the arm, nor the thigh that ſeeks the thigh; it is ſmall molecules, little particles of an arm,

of a thigh, that place themſelves one upon the other. We ſhall perhaps be obliged to return at length to our eggs, after having loſt a great deal of time.

The Man of forty crowns.

I am glad of that. But what has been the reſult of all theſe diſputes.

The Geometrician.

Doubt. If the queſtion had been debated among divines, there would have been excommunications and bloodſhed; but among natural philoſophers, peace is ſoon made. Every one has lain with his wife, without any the leaſt thought about her ovary, or the Fallopian tubes. The women have become big with child, without ſo much as aſking how the miſtery is operated. It is thus you ſow your corn, without knowing the proceſs of this ſeed under ground.

The Man of forty crowns.

Oh, that I know full well: I have been told it long ago: it is by its corruption. And yet I have ſometimes a great mind to laugh at all I have been told.

The Geometrician.

And a very good mind it is. I would adviſe you to doubt of every thing, except the three angles of a triangle being equal to two right ones, or two triangles, which have the ſame baſis and height being equal to one another, or of other the like

like propoſitions; as, for example, that two and two make four.

The Man of forty crowns.

Yes: I hold it very wiſe to doubt; but I feel that my curioſity grows upon me, ſince I have made my fortune. I could wiſh, when my will moves my arm or my leg, to diſcover that ſpring, and certainly there is one, by which my will moves them. I wonder ſometimes why I can, at pleaſure, lift or deject my eyes, and yet have not the like power to move my ears. I think, and, in the act of thinking, I wiſh I could know a little how . . . I mean, ... there, to have my thought palpable to me, to touch it, as it were. That would ſurely be very curious. I want to find out whether I think from myſelf, or whether it is God that gives me my ideas; whether my ſoul came into my body at ſix weeks, or at one day old; how it lodged itſelf in my brain; whether I think much when in a profound ſleep, or in a lethargy. I torture my brains to know how one body impels another. My ſenſations are not leſs matter of wonder to me; I find ſomething divine in them, and eſpecially in pleaſure. I have ſtrove ſometimes to imagine a new ſenſe, but could never arrive at it. The Geometricians know all theſe things; I wiſh you would be ſo good as to teach me.

The Geometrician.

Alas! We are as ignorant of them as you are. Apply to the Sorbonne.

The MAN *of* FORTY CROWNS

BECOME A FATHER,

DESCANTS UPON THE MONKS.

AS ſoon as the man of forty crowns ſaw himſelf the father of a ſon, he began to think himſelf a man of ſome conſequence in the ſtate; he hoped to furniſh, at leaſt, ten ſubjects to the king, who ſhould all prove uſeful. He was himſelf the man in the world that made the beſt baſkets, and his wife was an excellent ſempſtreſs. She was born in the neighbourhood of a rich abby of a hundred thouſand livres a year. Her huſband aſked me one day, why thoſe gentlemen, who were ſo few in number, had ſwallowed ſo many of the forty crown lots? Are they more uſeful to their country than I am?—No, dear neighbour.—Do they, like me, contribute at leaſt to the population of it?—No, not, to appearance, at leaſt.—Do they cultivate the land? Do they defend the ſtate when it is attacked?—No, they pray to God for us.—Well then, I will pray to God for them, and let us go ſnacks.

How many of theſe uſeful gentry, men and women, may the convents in this kingdom contain?

ANS.

ANS. "By the liſts of the ſuper-intendents, taken towards the end of the laſt century, there were about ninety thouſand."

According to our antient account, they ought not, at forty crowns a head, to poſſeſs above eighteen millions eight hundred thouſand crowns; pray, how much have they actually?

ANS. "They have to the amount of fifty millions, including the maſſes, and alms to the mendicant monks, who really lay a conſiderable tax on the people. A begging friar of a convent in Paris publickly bragged that his wallet was worth fourſcore thouſand livres a year."

Let us now conſider how much the repartion of fifty millions among ninety thouſand ſhaven crowns gives to each?—Let us ſee, is it not 555 livres?

ANS. "Yes, and a conſiderable ſum it is in a numerous ſociety, where the expences even diminiſh by the quantity of conſumers; for ten perſons may live together much cheaper than if each had his ſeparate lodging and table."

So that the Ex-Jeſuits, to whom there is now aſſigned a penſion of four hundred livres, are then really loſers by the bargain.

ANS. "I do not think ſo; for they are almoſt all of them retired among their friends, who aſſiſt them. Several of them ſay maſſes for money, which they did not do before; others get to be preceptors; ſome are maintained by female bigots;

gots; each has made a ſhift for himſelf: and, perhaps, at this time, there are few of them, who have taſted of the world, and of liberty, that would reſume their former chains. The monkiſh life, whatever they may ſay, is not at all to be envied. It is a maxim well known, that the monks are a kind of people who aſſemble without knowing, live without loving, and die without regretting each other."

You think, then, that it would be doing them a great ſervice to ſtrip them of all their monk's habit?

Ans. "They would undoubtedly gain much by it, and the ſtate ſtill more; it would reſtore to the country a number of ſubjects, men and women, who have raſhly ſacrificed their liberty, at an age, in which the laws do not allow a capacity of diſpoſing of ten pence a year income. It would be taking theſe corpſes out of their tombs, and afford a true reſurrection. Their houſes might become hoſpitals, or be turned into places for manufactures. Population would be increaſed, all the arts would be better cultivated. One might at leaſt diminiſh the number of theſe voluntary victims by fixing the number of novices. The country would have ſubjects more uſeful, and leſs unhappy. Such is the opinion of all the magiſtrates, ſuch the unanimous wiſh of the public, ſince its underſtanding is enlightened. The example of England, and of other ſtates, is

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an evident proof of the neceſſity of this reformation. What would England do at this time, if, inſtead of forty thouſand ſeamen, it had forty thouſand monks? The more they are multiplied, the greater need there is of a number of induſtrious ſubjects. There are undoubtedly buried in the cloiſters many talents, which are loſt to the ſtate. To make a kingdom floriſh there ſhould be the feweſt prieſts, and the moſt artiſts poſſible. So far ought the ignorance and barbariſm of our forefathers be from being any rule for us, that they ought rather to be an admonition to us, to do what they would do, if they were in our place, with our improvements in knowledge."

It is not then out of hatred to monks that you wiſh to aboliſh them, but out of love to your country? I think as you do. I would not have my ſon a monk. And if I thought I was to beget children for nothing better than a cloiſter, I would not lie with my wife again.

Ans. " Where, in fact, is that good father of a family that would not groan to ſee his ſon and daughter loſt to ſociety! " This is ſeeking the ſafety of the ſoul." May be ſo, but a ſoldier that ſeeks the ſafety of his body, when his duty is to fight, is puniſhed. We are all ſoldiers of the ſtate; we are in the pay of ſociety, we become deſerters when we quit it. Deſerters did I ſay only? The monks are parricides, who ſtifle a whole poſterity. Ninety thouſand of theſe cloiſtered

ſtered bawlers and ſnuffiers of Latin might ſurely give two ſubjects each to the ſtate: this alone amounts to a hundred and ſixty thouſand men, whom they cauſe to periſh in the ſeed. At a hundred years end the loſs is immenſe; this ſtands demonſtrated.

Why then has monkiſhneſs prevailed? Becauſe, ſince the days of Conſtantine, the government has been every where abſurd and deteſtable: becauſe the Roman empire came to have more monks than ſoldiers; becauſe there were a hundred thouſand of them in Egipt alone; becauſe they were exempt from labor and taxes; becauſe the chiefs of thoſe barbarous nations which deſtroyed the empire, having turned Chriſtians, in order to govern Chriſtians, exerciſed the moſt horrid tiranny; becauſe, to avoid the fury of theſe tirants, people threw themſelves, in crouds, into cloiſters, and ſo to eſcape one ſervitude plunged themſelves into another; becauſe the Popes, by inſtituting ſo many different orders of ſacred drones, contrived to have ſo many ſubjects to themſelves in other ſtates; becauſe a peaſant likes better to be called reverend father, and to give his benedictions, than to follow a plough's tail; becauſe he does not know that the plough is nobler than a monk's habit; becauſe he had rather live at the expence of fools, than by a laborious occupation; in ſhort, becauſe he does not know, that in making a monk of himſelf, he

is preparing for himſelf unhappy days, of which the ſad ground work will be nothing but a *tædium vitæ* and repentance."

I am ſatisfied. Let us have no monks, for the ſake of their own happineſs, as well as ours. But I am ſorry to hear it ſaid by the landlord of our village, who is father to four boys, and three girls, that he does not know how to diſpoſe of his daughters, unleſs he makes nuns of them.

Ans. "This too often repeated plea is at once inhuman, detrimental to the country, and deſtructive to ſociety. Every time that it can be ſaid of any condition of life whatever, that if all the world were to embrace that condition, humankind would be loſt; it ſtands demonſtrated that that condition is a worthleſs one, and that whoever embraces it does all the miſchief to mankind that in him lies.

Now, it being a clear conſequence that if all the youth of both ſexes were to ſhut themſelves up in cloiſters, the world would periſh; monkery is, if it were but in that light alone, the enemy to human-nature, independently of the horrid evils it has formerly cauſed."

Might not as much be ſaid as to ſoldiers?

Ans. "Certainly not: for if every ſubject carried arms in his turn, as formerly was the practice in all republics, and eſpecially in that of Rome; the ſoldier is but the better farmer for it; the ſoldier, as a good ſubject ought to do, marries,

ries, and fights for his wife and children. Would it were the will of Heaven that every laborer was a ſoldier and a married man! They would make excellent ſubjects. But a monk, merely in his quality of a monk, is good for nothing, but to devour the ſubſtance of his countrymen. There is no truth more generally acknowledged."

But, Sir, the daughters of poor gentlemen, who cannot fortune them off in marriage, what are they to do?

Ans. "Do! They ſhould do, as has a thouſand times been ſaid, like the daughters in England, in Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Holland, half Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Tartary, Turkey, Africa, and in almoſt all the reſt of the globe. They will prove much better wives, much better mothers, when it ſhall have been the cuſtom, as in Germany, to marry women without fortune. A woman induſtrious, and a good economiſt, will do more good in a houſe, than the daughter of a farmer of the revenue, who ſpends more in ſuperfluities than ſhe will have brought of income to her huſband.

There is a neceſſity for houſes of retreat for old age, for infirmity, for deformity. But by the moſt deteſtable of all abuſes, theſe foundations are for none but youth, and for well made perſons. The initial ſtep taken in a cloiſter, is to make the novices of both ſexes ſhow their nudity, againſt all the laws of modeſty; they are examined

amined attentively behind and before. Let a hump-backed old woman preſent herſelf, to enter into a cloiſter, and ſhe will be rejected with contempt, unleſs ſhe will give an immenſe portion to the houſe. But what do I ſay? Every nun muſt bring her dower with her; ſhe is elſe the refuſe of the convent. Never was there a more intolerable abuſe."

Thank you, Sir; I ſwear to you that no daughter of mine ſhall be a nun. They ſhall learn to ſpin, to ſow, to make lace, to embroider, to render themſelves, in ſhort, uſefull. I look on the vows of convents to be crimes againſt one's country and one's ſelf.

Now, Sir, I beg you will explain to me, how comes it that one of my friends, in contradiction to human kind, pretends that monks are uſefull to the population of a ſtate, becauſe their buildings are kept in better repair than thoſe of the nobility, and their lands better cultivated?

Ans. "Bleſs me! Who can this be that advances ſo ſtrange a propoſition?"

It is the *friend of mankind* (*), or rather the friend of the monks.

Ans. "He has had a mind to divert himſelf; he knows but too well, that ten families, who have each five thouſand livres a year in land, are a hundred, nay, a thouſand times more uſefull

(*) Monſieur le M. de Mirabeau, in his book entitled *L'Ami des Hommes*. It is againſt this marqueſs that the jeſt on the *only tax* is levelled; a tax propoſed by him.

than

than a convent that enjoys fifty thouſand livres a year, and which has always a ſecret hoard. He cries up the fine houſes built by the monks, and it is preciſely thoſe fine houſes that provoke the reſt of the ſubjects; it is the very cauſe of complaint to all Europe. The vow of poverty condemns thoſe palaces, as the vow of humility proteſts againſt pride, and as the vow of extinguiſhing one's race is in oppoſition to nature."

I begin to think it adviſeable to be very diſtruſtfull of books.

ANS. "The beſt way is to make uſe with regard to them, of the ſame caution, as with men; chuſe the moſt reaſonable, examine them, and never yield unleſs to evidence."

On TAXES *paid to a* FOREIGN POWER.

ABOUT a month ago, the man of forty crowns came to me, holding both his ſides, which he ſeemed ready to burſt with laughing. In ſhort, he laughed ſo heartily, that I could not help laughing too, without knowing at what. So true it is, that man is born an imitative animal, that inſtinct rules us, and that the great emotions of the ſoul are catching.

Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent (*),
Humani vultus.

(*) The jeſuit Sanadon, for *adflent* has put *adſunt*. A lover of Horace pretends, that it was for this that the jeſuits were expelled.

When

When he had had his laugh well out, he told me that he was juſt come from meeting with a man who called himſelf the protonotary of the Holy See, and that this perſonage was ſending away a great ſum of money, to an Italian three hundred leagues off, in the name and behalf of a Frenchman, on whom the king had beſtowed a ſmall fief or fee; becauſe the ſaid Frenchman could never enjoy this benefit of the king's conferring, if he did not give to this Italian the firſt year's income.

The thing, ſaid I, is very true, but it is not quite ſuch a laughing matter either. It coſts France about four hundred thouſand livres a year, in petty duties of this kind; and in the courſe of two centuries and a half that this cuſtom has laſted, we have already ſent to Italy fourſcore millions.

Heavenly father! (he exclaimed) How many forty crowns would that make! Some Italian then ſubdued us, I ſuppoſe, two centuries and a half ago, and laid that tribute upon us!

In good faith! anſwered I, he uſed to impoſe on us, in former times, in a much more burthenſom way. That is but a trifle, in compariſon of what, for a long time, he levied on our poor nation, and on other poor nations of Europe. Then I related to him how thoſe holy uſurpations had taken place, and came to be eſtabliſhed; he knows a little of hiſtory, and does not want for

ſenſe; he eaſily conceived that we had been ſlaves, and that we were ſtill dragging a little bit of our chain that we could not get rid of. He ſpoke much, and with energy, againſt this abuſe, but with what reſpect for religion in general! With what reverence did he expreſs himſelf for the biſhops! How heartily did he wiſh them many forty crowns a year, that they might ſpend them in their dioceſes in good works.

He alſo wiſhed that all the country-vicars might have a number of forty crowns, that they might live with decency. It is a ſad thing, ſaid he, that a vicar ſhould be obliged to diſpute with his flock for two or three ſheaves of corn, and that he ſhould not be amply paid by the country. Theſe eternal conteſtations for imaginary rights, for the tithes, deſtroy the reſpect that is owing to them. The unhappy cultivator who ſhall have already paid to the collectors his tenth penny, and the two pence a livre, and the tax, and the capitation, and the purchaſe of his exemption from his lodging ſoldiers after that he ſhall have lodged ſoldiers, for this unfortunate man, I ſay, to ſee the vicar take away moreover the tithe of his produce, he can no longer look like on him as his paſtor, but as one that flays him alive, that tears from him the little ſkin that is left him. He feels but too ſenſible, that while they are, *jure divino*, robbing him of his tenth ſheaf, they have the diabolical cruelty not to give him

him credit for all that it will have coſt him to make that ſheaf grow. What then remains to him for himſelf and family? Tears, want, diſcouragement, deſpair, and thus he dies of fatigue and miſery. If the vicar was paid by the country, he would be a comfort to his pariſhioners, inſtead of being looked on by them as their enemy.

This worthy man melted as he uttered theſe words; he loved his country, and the public good was his idol. He would ſometimes emphatically ſay, "What a nation would the French be, if it pleaſed!"

We went to ſee his ſon, to whom the mother, a very neat and clean woman, was preſenting a fine white breaſt diſtended with milk. Alas! ſaid the father, here thou art, poor child, and haſt nothing to pretend to but twenty three years of life, and forty crowns a year.

On PROPORTIONS.

THE produce of the extremes is equal to the produce of the means: but two ſacks of corn ſtoln, are not to thoſe who ſtole them, as the loſs of their lives is to the intereſt of the perſon from whom they were ſtoln.

The prior of ***, from whom two of his domeſtic ſervants in the country had ſtoln two

meaſures of corn, has juſt had the two delinquents hanged. This execution has coſt him more than all his harveſt has been worth to him, and ſince that time he has not been able to get a ſervant.

If the laws had ordained that ſuch as ſtole their maſter's corn ſhould work in his grounds, for their lives, in fetters, and with a bell at their neck, fixed to a collar, the prior would have been a conſiderable gainer by it.

"Terror ſhould be preventively employed againſt crimes:" very true: but work on compulſion and laſting ſhame, ſtrike more terror than the gallows.

There was ſome months ago, at London, a malefactor who had been condemned to be tranſported to America, to work there at the ſugar works with the negroes. In England, any criminal, as in many other countries, may get a petition preſented to the king, either to obtain a free pardon, or a mitigation of the ſentence. This one preſented a petition to be hanged; alledging that he mortally hated work, and that he had rather bear ſtrangling, for a minute, than to make ſugar all his life-time.

Others may think otherwiſe: every one to his taſte; but it has been already ſaid, and cannot be too often repeated, that a man hanged is good for nothing, and that puniſhments ought to be uſefull.

Some

Some years ago, in Tartary, two young men were condemned to be impaled for having, (without taking off their caps,) ſtood to ſee the proceſſion of the Lama paſs by. The emperor of China, who is a man of very good ſenſe, ſaid, that for his part, he ſhould have condemned them to walk bare-headed, in the proceſſion, any time for three months afterwards.

Proportion puniſhments to crimes, ſays the marqueſs Beccaria; thoſe who made the laws were not geometricians.

If the abbot Guyon or Cogé, or the ex-jeſuit Nonotte, or the ex-jeſuit Patouillet, or the mininiſter La Beaumelle, compoſe miſerable libels, in which there is not truth, nor reaſon, nor wit, would you go to have them hanged as the prior of D* * * had his ſervants? And hanged under pretext that calumniators are worſe criminals than thieves?

Would you condemn even Freron to the galleys, for his having made a practice of lying, all his life-time, in the hope of paying his ſcore at a public-houſe?

Would you put the ſieur Larcher into the pillory, becauſe he has been a very heavy writer; becauſe he has heaped errors upon errors; becauſe he was never capable of diſtinguiſhing any degree of probability; becauſe he will have it, that in an antient and immenſe city, renowned for its police, and for the jealouſy of huſbands,

in Babylon, in ſhort, where the women were under the guard of eunuchs, that all the princeſſes went, out of devotion, to beſtow publicly their favors, in the cathedral, on ſtrangers for money? Let us content ourſelves with ſending him to the ſpot, in queſt of ſuch gallantries: let us keep to moderation in every thing; let us eſtabliſh a proportion between crimes and puniſhments.

Let us forgive that John-James (Rouſſeau) when he writes but to contradict himſelf; when, after his having given a comedy, hiſſed off the theatre at Paris, he cenſures thoſe who have plays acted a hundred leagues off that town; when he lays out for patrons and abuſes them; when he declaims againſt romances and writes romances, of which the hero is a ſilly preceptor, who receives charity from a Swiſs girl whom he has got with child, and who goes to ſpend her money at a bawdy-houſe in Paris; let us leave him to his thinking that he has ſurpaſſed Fenelon and Xenophon in his plan of educating a young man of quality in the trade of a joiner: theſe inſipid abſurdities do not deſerve a warrant to take him into cuſtody; the cells of Bedlam are ſufficient, with ſome good broths, breathing a vein, and a proper regimen.

I hate the laws of Draco, which puniſhed equally crimes and faults, wickedneſs and folly. Do not let us treat the Jeſuit Nonotte, who is only

only guilty of writing nonſenſe and abuſe, as the Jeſuits Malagrida, Oldcorn, Garnet, Guignard, and Gueret were treated, or as the Jeſuit Tellier ought to have been treated, who deceived his king, and diſturbed all France. Let us, eſpecially in all litigations, in all diſſentions, in all quarrels, diſtinguiſh the aggreſſor from the party offended, the oppreſſor from the oppreſſed. An offenſive war is the procedure of a tirant; he who defends himſelf is in the character of a juſt man.

As I was abſorbed in theſe reflections, the Man of forty crowns came to me all in tears. I aſked with emotion, if his ſon, who was by right to live twenty-three years, was dead? No, ſaid he, the little one is very well, and ſo is my wife; but I was ſummoned to give evidence againſt a miller, who has been put to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, and who has been found innocent: I ſaw him faint away under redoubled tortures; I heard the craſh of his bones; his outcries and ſcreams of agony are not yet out of my ears; they haunt me; I ſhed tears for pity, and ſhudder with horror. His tears drew mine, I trembled too like him, for I have naturally an extreme ſenſibility.

My memory then repreſented to me the dreadful fate of the Calas family; a virtuous mother in irons, her children in tears and forced to fly, her houſe given up to pillage, a reſpectable father

of a family broken with torture, agonizing on a wheel, and expiring in the flames; a ſon loaded with chains, and dragged before the judges, one of whom ſaid to him, " *We have juſt now broke* " *your father on the wheel, we will break you alive* " *too.*"

I remembered the family of Sirven, which one of my friends met with among the mountains covered with ice, as they were flying from the perſecution of a judge as ignorant as he was unjuſt. This judge (he told me) had condemned a whole innocent family to death, on a ſuppoſition, without the leaſt ſhadow of proof, that the father and mother, aſſiſted by two of their daughters, had cut the throat of the third, and drowned her beſides, for fear of her going to Maſs. I ſaw, in judgments of this kind, at once, an exceſs of ſtupidity, of injuſtice, and of barbarity.

The Man of forty crowns joined with me in pitying human nature. I had in my pocket the diſcourſe of an attorney-general of Dauphiny, which turned upon very important matters. I red to him the following paſſages.

" Certainly thoſe muſt have been truly great " men, who, the firſt, dared to take upon them " the office of governing their fellow-creatures, " and to ſet their ſhoulders to the burthen of " the public welfare; who, for the ſake of the " good they meant to do to men, expoſed them- " ſelves to their ingratitude; and for their repoſe

" re-

" renounced their own ; who made themſelves,
" as one may ſay, middle-men between their fel-
" low-creatures and Providence, to compoſe for
" them, by artifice, a happineſs which Providence
" ſeems otherwiſe to have refuſed to them by any
" other means. . . . . .

. . . . . .

" What magiſtrate, ever ſo little ſenſible to
" his duties, and but to humanity alone, could
" bear ſuch ideas? Could he, in the ſolitude of
" his cloſet, without ſhuddering with horror and
" with pity, caſt his eyes on thoſe papers, the
" unfortunate monuments of guilt or of inno-
" cence? Should he not think he hears a plaintive
" voice and groans iſſue from thoſe fatal writings,
" and preſs him to decide the deſtiny of a ſubject,
" of a huſband, of a father, or of a whole family?
" What judge can be ſo unmerciful (if he is
" charged with but one ſingle criminal proceſs)
" as to paſs in cold blood before the door of a
" priſon? Is it I (muſt he ſay to himſelf) who
" detain in that execrable place my fellow-crea-
" ture, perhaps my countryman, one of human-
" kind, in ſhort? It is I that confine him every
" day ; that ſhut thoſe execrable doors upon him?
" Perhaps deſpair will have already ſeized him ;
" he ſends up to heaven my name loaded with
" his curſes, and doubtleſs calls to witneſs againſt
" me that great Judge of the world, who obſerves

" us,

" us, and will judge us both. . . . . .

. . . . . .

" Here a dreadful ſight preſents itſelf on a ſud-
" den to my eyes: the judge, tired with interro-
" gating by words, has recourſe to interrogation
" by tortures. Impatient in his inquiries and
" reſearches, and perhaps irritated at their inuti-
" lity, he has brought to him torches, chains,
" leavers, and all thoſe inſtruments invented for
" putting to pain. An executioner comes to
" interpoſe in the functions of magiſtracy, and
" terminates by violence an interrogation begun
" by liberty.

" Gentle Philoſophy! Thou who never ſeekeſt
" truth but with attention and patience, couldſt
" thou expect, in an age that takes thy name,
" that ſuch inſtruments would be employed to
" diſcover that truth?

" Can it be really true, that our laws approve
" this inconceivable method, and that cuſtom
" conſecrates it? . . . . . .

. . . . . .

" Their laws imitate their prejudices; their
" public puniſhments are as cruel as their private
" vengeances, and the acts of their reaſon are
" ſcarce leſs unmerciful than thoſe of their paſ-
" ſions. What can be the cauſe of this ſtrange
" contrariety? It is becauſe our prejudices are an-
" tient, and our morality new; it is becauſe we
" are as penetrated with our opinions as we are

" inattentive

" inattentive to our ideas; it is becauſe our paſ-
" ſion for pleaſures hinders us from reflecting on
" our wants, and that we are more eager to live
" than to direct ourſelves right; it is, in a word,
" becauſe our morals are gentle without being
" good; it is becauſe we are polite, and are not
" ſo much as humane."

Theſe fragments, which eloquence had dictated to humanity, filled the heart of my friend with a ſweet conſolation. He admired with tenderneſs. What! ſaid he, are ſuch maſter-pieces as theſe produced in a province? I had been told, that Paris was all the world, or the only place in it.

It is, ſaid I, the only place for producing comic operas; but there are, at this time, in the provinces, magiſtrates who think with the ſame virtue, and expreſs themſelves with the ſame force. Formerly the oracles of juſtice, like thoſe of morality, were nothing but matter of mere ridicule. Dr. Balordo declaimed at the bar, and Harlequin in the pulpit. Philoſophy is at length come, and has ſaid, " Do not ſpeak in public,
" unleſs to ſet forth new and uſeful truths with
" the eloquence of ſentiment, and of reaſon."

But, ſay the praters, if we have nothing new to ſay, what then? Why, hold your tongues, replies Philoſophy; all thoſe vain diſcourſes, for parade, that contain nothing but phraſes, are like the fire on the eve of St. John's, kindled on that day

day of the year, in which there is the leaſt want of it to heat oneſelf: it cauſes no pleaſure; and not ſo much as the aſhes of it remain.

Let all France read good books. But notwithſtanding all the progreſſes of the human underſtanding, there are few that read, and among thoſe who ſometimes ſeek inſtruction, the reading of the moſt part is very ill choſen. My neighbours, men and women, paſs their time after dinner, at playing an Engliſh game, which I have much difficulty to pronounce, ſince they call it Whiſk. Many good citizens, many thick heads, who take themſelves for good heads, tell you, with an air of importance, that books are good for nothing. But, Meſſieurs the Welches, do not you know that you are governed only by books? Do not you know that the Statutes, the Military Code, and the Goſpel, are books on which you continually depend? Read; improve yourſelves; it is reading alone that invigorates the underſtanding: converſation diſſipates it, play contracts it.

I have very little money, (anſwered me the man of forty crowns,) but if ever I make any thing of a fortune, I will buy my books at M * * * *.

On the POX.

THE man of forty crowns lived in a little retired nook of the country where no ſoldiers had been ever quartered, or in garriſon, for above a hundred and fifty years before. The morals in that unknown corner of the world were as pure as the air they breathe in it. It was not ſo much as known there that love could elſewhere be infected with a deſtructive poiſon; that generations were attacked in their very ſource, and that Nature, in contradiction to herſelf, could render tenderneſs deteſtable, and pleaſure dreadful: they might give a looſe to love with all the ſecurity of innocence. Troops came, and every thing was changed.

Two lieutenants, the chaplain of the regiment, a corporal, a private recruit, who was juſt come out of the ſeminary for breeding ſubjects for the church, were enough to poiſon, as they did, twelve villages in three months. Two female couſins of the man of forty crowns ſaw themſelves covered with callous puſtules; their fine hair came off; their voice turned hoarſe; the eye-lids of their heavy deadened eyes took a livid color, nor would now any longer ſhut to let repoſe into diſlocated limbs, which a ſecret caries was beginning to corrode like thoſe of the

Arabian

Arabian Job, though Job had never had that diſtemper.

The ſurgeon-major of the regiment, a man of great experience, was obliged to aſk aſſiſtents of the court to cure all the girls of the country. The miniſter of war, always led by inclination to relieve the fair ſex, ſent a recruit of young ſurgeons, who ſpoiled on one hand, as faſt as they reſtored on the other.

The man of forty crowns was reading, at that time, the Philoſophical Hiſtory of Candide, tranſlated from the German by Dr. Ralph, which evidently proves that every thing is right, and that it was abſolutely *impoſſible* in the beſt of worlds *poſſible*, that the pox, the plague, the ſtone, the gravel, the king's-evil, the chamber of Valentia, the inquiſition ſhould not enter into the compoſition of the univerſe, of that univerſe ſolely made for man, the king of animals, and the image of God, whom it is plainly ſeen, he reſembles, like two drops of water.

He was reading in the true Hiſtory of Candide, that the famous Dr. Pangloſs had, while under cure for the pox, loſt an eye and an ear. Alas! ſaid he, muſt my poor couſins be one-eyed, or ſhort of an ear. No! ſaid the conſolatory major; the Germans have, indeed, a rough heavy hand; but we! we cure girls ſpeedily, ſafely, and agreeably.

And

And accordingly, the two pretty couſins came off with having their head ſwelled, like a blown bladder, for ſix weeks, with loſing the half of their teeth, while their tongue was drawn half a foot out of their mouths, and with dying of bad lungs at ſix months end.

During the operation the couſin and the ſurgeon-major entered into the following diſcuſſion.

The Man of forty crowns.

Can it, ſir, be poſſible, that Nature can have annexed ſuch dreadful torments to ſo neceſſary a pleaſure? So great a ſhame to ſo great an honor, and that there ſhould be more danger in the act of begetting a child, than in that of killing a man? Is it true for our comfort, that this ſcourge diminiſhes a little on the face of the earth, and that it becomes daily leſs dangerous?

The Surgeon-major.

On the contrary, it ſpreads more and more all over Chriſtian Europe; it has extended itſelf into Siberia. I have myſelf ſeen fifty perſons of note die of it; and eſpecially a great general of an army, and a very grave miniſter of ſtate. Few people of a weak conſtitution of the lungs can hold out againſt the diſeaſe and the remedy. The two ſiſters, the great and the ſmall one, have leagued themſelves more effectually than even the monks, for the deſtruction of human kind.

The Man of forty crowns.

A freſh reaſon this for aboliſhing the monks, in order that reſtored to their rank of men, they may help a little to repair the miſchief done by the two ſiſters. Pray, tell me, have the brute animals the pox ?

The Surgeon.

Neither the great nor the ſmall one; and monks are unknown to them.

The Man of forty crowns.

It muſt be confeſſed then, that they are happier and wiſer than we are in this beſt of worlds.

The Surgeon.

I never made a doubt of it: they are liable to fewer diſeaſes than we; their inſtinct is much ſurer than our reaſon: never does the paſt nor the future torment them.

The Man of forty crowns.

You have been ſurgeon to the French embaſſador in Turky, is the pox very rife at Conſtantinople ?

The Surgeon.

The Chriſtians or Franks, as they call them, have brought it into the ſuburb called Pera; where they live. I knew a capuchin there, who was as much eaten up with it as Pangloſs; but it has not got into the town itſelf; the Franks hardly ever lying in it. There are ſcarce any public proſtitutes in that immenſe town. Every rich man has wives, or Circaſſian ſlaves, conſtantly

ly guarded, and watched, and whoſe beauty can never be dangerous. The Turks call the pox the Chriſtian diſeaſe, and this redoubles their profound contempt for our ſiſtem of divinity. But then, in recompence, they have the plague, that Egiptian diſtemper, which they apprehend very little, and which they never give themſelves any trouble to prevent.

The Man of forty crowns.

About what time do you think it was that this ſcourge began in Europe?

The Surgeon.

At the return from the firſt voyage made by Chriſtopher Columbus, among innocent people, who neither knew avarice nor war; towards the year 1494. Theſe ſimple and juſt nations were liable to this diſorder from time immemorial, as the leproſy reigned among the Arabs, and the plague among the Egiptians. The firſt fruit which the Spaniards gathered from this conqueſt of the new world was the pox: this ſpread itſelf more quickly than the money from Mexico, which did not circulate in Europe till long afterwards. The reaſon of which is that in all the towns there were notorious public-houſes called brothels, eſtabliſhed by authority of government for the better preſervation of the honor of the ladies. The Spaniards carried the infection into theſe privileged houſes from which the princes and biſhops uſed to get what girls they needed for their own uſe.

It has been remarked, that at Conſtance there were ſeven hundred and eighteen girls for the ſervice of that council which ſo devoutly conſigned John Huſs and Jerom of Prague to the flames.

By that circumſtance alone you may judge with what rapidity the diſtemper diffuſed itſelf over all countries. The firſt great man who died of it, was the moſt illuſtrious and reverend father in God, the biſhop and viceroy of Hungary, in 1499, whom Bartholomew Montagnana, a great phiſician, was not able to cure. Gualtieri aſſures us that the archbiſhop of Mentz, *Bertholdus of Henneberg, being ſeized with the great pox, gave up his ſoul to the Lord, in* 1504. It is well known that our king Francis I. died of it, and that Henry III. caught it at Venice, but the Jacobin, James Clement, prevented the effect of the diſtemper.

The parliament of Paris, ever zealous for the public good, was the firſt that made an ordinance againſt the pox, forbidding all that were poxed to remain in Paris, *under penalty of being hanged.* But as it was not eaſy to prove judicially to the men and women inhabitants of that good city, that they were in the caſe of the law, the ordinance took no more effect than thoſe that were made againſt the emetic; and notwithſtanding the authority of parliament, the number of the guilty proceeded augmenting. Certain it is, that if they had been ordered to undergo an exorciſm,

or

or conjuring, inſtead of their being to be hanged, there would not, at this day, be any poxed on the face of the earth; unluckily, no-body ever thought of it.

The Man of forty crowns.

Pray is it true what I have red in Candide, that among us, when two armies, of thirty thouſand men each, march together under their reſpective banners, a wager may be laid that there are twenty thouſand poxed on each ſide?

The Surgeon.

It is but too true. The ſame may be ſaid of the licentiates of the Sorbonne. What would you have young ſtudents or batchelors do, to whom nature dictates in a louder, firmer tone than divinity? I can ſafely ſwear to you that, allowing for proportion, my fellow-ſurgeons and I have had under our hands more young prieſts than young officers.

The Man of forty crowns.

Could no way be thought of to extirpate, in ſome manner, this contagion that makes ſuch havock in Europe? It has already been tried to weaken the poiſon of one pox, might not there be an attempt at ſomething of that kind on the other?

The Surgeon.

There could be but one way, and that is, that all the princes of Europe ſhould enter into a league againſt it, as in the times of Godfrey of

Boulogne. Surely, a cruzade againſt the pox would be much more reaſonable than thoſe in former times, ſo unfortunately undertaken againſt Saladin, Malech-Sala, and the Albigenſes. It would be better for the powers of the earth to come to a good underſtanding, in order to repell this common enemy of human kind, than to be continually taken up with ſpying the favorable moment for the devaſtation of countries, and for covering the fields with dead bodies, for the ſake of wreſting from a neighbour two or three towns or a few villages. I am now ſpeaking againſt my intereſt, for the war and the pox are my livelihood and fortune; but one ought to be a man before one is a ſurgeon-major.

Thus it was that the Man of forty crowns proceeded forming, as one may ſay, his head and his heart. He not only ſucceeded to the inheritance of his two fair couſins aforeſaid, who had died at the ſix months end, but he came alſo to a fortune left by a very diſtant relation, who had been a ſub-farmer of the military hoſpitals, where he had fattened himſelf on the ſtrict abſtinence to which he had put the wounded ſoldiers. This man never would marry; but kept a very pretty ſeraglio. He never would own any of his relations, lived in the height of debauchery, and died at Paris, of a ſurfeit. He was, as any one may ſee, a very uſefull member of the ſtate.

Our

Our new philoſopher was obliged to go to Paris to get poſſeſſion of the inheritance of his relation. At firſt, the farmers of the domain diſputed it with him. He had the good luck to gain his cauſe, and the generoſity to give to the poor of his neighbourhood in the country, who had not their contingent of forty crowns a year, a part of the ſpoils of the deceaſed ſon of fortune. After which, he ſet himſelf about ſatisfying his paſſion for having a library.

He red every morning, and made extracts: on the evening he conſulted the learned to know in what language the ſerpent had talked to our good mother; whether the ſoul is in the callous body, or in the pineal gland; whether St. Peter lived five and twenty years at Rome; what ſpecific difference there is between a throne and a domination; and why the Negroes have a flat noſe? He propoſed to himſelf, beſides, never to govern the ſtate, nor to write any pamphlet againſt new dramatic pieces. He was called Mr. Andrew, which was his chriſtian name. Thoſe who have known him do juſtice to his modeſty and to his qualities, as well acquired as natural. He has built a commodious houſe on his old little landed property of four acres. His ſon will ſoon be of age to go to college; but he propoſes to ſend him to the college of Harcourt, and not to that of Mazarin, on account of the profeſſor Cogé who makes libels, and becauſe it is not

quite ſo decent for a profeſſor of a college to make libels.

Madam Andrew has brought him a very pretty girl, whom he hopes to marry to a counſellor of the court of Aids, provided that magiſtrate has not the diſeaſe which the ſurgeon-major is for extirpating out of Chriſtian Europe.

A GREAT QUARRELL.

DURING the ſtay of Mr. Andrew at Paris, there happened a very important quarrell. The point was, to decide whether Marcus Antoninus was an honeſt man, and whether he was in Hell, or in Purgatory, or in Limbo in waiting, till the day of reſurrection. All the men of ſenſe took the part of Marcus Antoninus. They ſaid, Antoninus has been always juſt, temperate, chaſte, beneficent. It is true he has not ſo good a place in Paradiſe as St. Anthony; for proportions ought to be obſerved, as has been before recommended. But certainly the ſoul of Antoninus is not roaſting on a ſpit in Hell. If he is in Purgatory, he ought to be delivered out of it; there need only be maſſes ſaid for him. Let the Jeſuits, who have no longer any thing to do, ſay three thouſand maſſes for the repoſe of the ſoul of Marcus Antoninus: Putting each maſs at fifteen pence, they will get two thouſand

two

two hundred and fifty livres by it. Beſides, ſome reſpect is owing to a crowned head; he ſhould not be lightly damned.

The party oppoſed to theſe good people, pretended, on the contrary, that no compounding for ſalvation ought to be allowed to Marcus Antoninus; that he was an heretic. That the Carpocratians and the Alogi were not ſo bad as he; that he had died without confeſſion; that it was neceſſary to make an example; that it was right to damn him, if but to teach better manners to the emperors of China and Japan, to thoſe of Perſia, Turky, and Morocco; to the kings of England, Sweden, Denmark, Pruſſia, to the ſtadtholder of Holland, to the avoyers of the canton of Berne, who no more go to confeſſion, than the emperor Marcus Antoninus; that in ſhort, there was an unſpeakable pleaſure in paſſing ſentences againſt dead ſovereigns, when one could not fulminate them againſt them in their life-time, for fear of loſing one's ears.

This quarrell became as ſerious as was formerly that of the Urſulines and the Annonciades, who diſputed which could carry eggs in the ſhell longeſt, without breaking them between their poſteriors. In ſhort, it was feared that it would come to a ſchiſm, as in the time of the hundred and one mother Gooſe's tales, and of certain bills payable to the bearer in the other world. To be ſure a ſchiſm is ſomething very terrible;

the meaning of the word is a diviſion in opinion, and till this fatal moment all men had been agreed to think the ſame thing.

Mr. Andrew, who was an excellent member of ſociety, invited the chiefs of the two parties to ſup with him. He is one of the beſt companions that we have; his humor is gentle and lively; his gaiety is not noiſy; he is open, frank, and eaſy; he has not that ſort of wit which ſeems to aim at ſtifling that of others; the authority which he conciliates to himſelf, is due to nothing but his gracefull manner, to his moderation, and to a round good natured face, which is quite perſuaſive. He could have brought to ſup cheafully together, a Corſican and a Genoeſe, a repreſentative of Geneva and a negative-man, the muphti and an archbiſhop. He managed ſo dextrouſly, as to make the firſt ſtrokes that the diſputants of both parties aimed at each other, fall to the ground, by turning off the diſcourſe, and by telling a very diverting tale, which pleaſed equally the damning and the damned. In ſhort, when they had got a little matter or ſo, good humored and elevated with wine, he made them ſign an agreement, that the ſoul of Marcus Antoninus ſhould remain in *ſtatu quo*, that is to ſay, no body knows where, till the day of final Judgment.

The ſouls of the doctors of divinity returned quietly to their limbos, after ſupper, and all was calm.

calm. This adjuſtment of the quarrell did great honor to the man of forty crowns; and ſince then, whenever any very peeviſh, virulent diſpute aroſe among men of letters, or among not men of letters, the advice given to both parties, was, *Gentlemen, go and ſup at Maſter Andrew's.*

I know of two inveterate factions, who, for want of having been to ſup at Maſter Andrew's, have drawn upon themſelves great miſchiefs.

A RASCAL *repulſed.*

THE reputation which Mr. Andrew had acquired for pacifying quarrels, in giving good ſuppers, drew upon him laſt week a ſingular viſit. A dark complexioned man, ſhabbily enough dreſſed, rather crook-backed, with his head leaning towards one ſhoulder, a haggard eye, and his hands very dirty, came to entreat of him to invite him to a ſupper with his enemies.

Who are your enemies? ſaid Mr. Andrew, and who are you? Alas, Sir, ſaid he, I am forced to confeſs that I am taken for one of thoſe wretches that compoſe libels to get bread, and who are for ever crying out, God,—God,—God,—Religion,—Religion, in order to come at ſome little benefice. I am accuſed of having calumniated ſome of the moſt truly religious ſubjects, the moſt ſincere adorers of the Divinity, and

and the honeſteſt men of the kingdom. It is true, ſir, that, in the heat of compoſition, there often fall from the pen of thoſe of my trade, certain little inadvertences or ſlips, which are taken for groſs errors, and ſome liberties taken with the truth, which are termed impudent lies. Our zeal is looked upon in the light of a horrid mixture of villainy and fanaticiſm. It has been alledged, that while we are inſnaring the eaſy faith of ſome ſilly old women, we are the ſcorn and execration of all the men of worth that can read.

My enemies are the principal members of the moſt illuſtrious academies of Europe, writers much eſteemed, and beneficent members of ſociety. I have but juſt publiſhed a book under the title of *Antiphiloſophical.* I had nothing but the beſt intentions, and yet no-one would buy my book. Thoſe to whom I made preſents of it, threw it into the fire, telling me it was not only anti-reaſonable, but anti-chriſtian, and extremely anti-decent.

Well, then! ſaid Mr. Andrew to him, follow the example of thoſe to whom you preſented your libel, throw it into the fire, and let no more be ſaid of it: I applaud much your repentance, but it is not poſſible that I can make you ſup with men of wit, who can never be your enemies, ſince they will never read you.

Could not you, ſir, at leaſt, (ſaid the hipocrite to him,) reconcile me with the relations of the

the deceaſed Monſieur de Monteſquieu, to whoſe memory I have offered an indignity, that I might give honor and glory to the reverend father Rout, who came to beſiege his laſt moments, and who was turned out of the room?

Zounds! ſaid Mr. Andrew, the reverend father Rout has been dead this long time; go and ſup with him.

Mr. Andrew is a rough kind of man when he has any thing to ſay to any of this wicked and fooliſh ſet. He felt in himſelf, that this hipocritical raſcal wanted to ſup at his houſe with perſons of merit, only that he might engage a diſpute with them, in order to go afterwards and calumniate them, to write againſt them, and to print freſh lies. He drove him then from his houſe, as Rout had been driven out of the apartment of the preſident of Monteſquieu.

There is no deceiving eaſily Mr. Andrew. The more ſimple, and natural he had been while he was the man of forty crowns, the more was he become circumſpect, ſince he was better acquainted with mankind.

The GOOD SENSE OF *Mr.* ANDREW.

BUT how greatly did the ſenſe of Mr. Andrew improve in vigor from the time that he had got a library! He lives with books as with men; he is curious in his choice of them, and is never the bubble of names. What a pleaſure it is to gain inſtruction, to enlarge one's mind for half-a-crown, without ſtirring out of the houſe!

He congratulates himſelf on his being born in a time when the human reaſon begins to tend to perfection. How unhappy ſhould I have been (he uſed to ſay) if the age I live in, had been that of the Jeſuit Garaſſe, of the Jeſuit Guignard, of the Doctor Boucher, of the Doctor Aubry, of the Doctor Wincheſter; or if my time had been that in which they uſed to condemn to the gallies, thoſe who wrote againſt the categories of Ariſtotle.

Diſtreſs had weakened the ſprings of Mr. Andrew's ſoul, good fortune had reſtored to them their elaſticity. There are thouſands of Andrews in the world, to whom nothing has been wanting but a turn of the wheel of fortune in their favor, to make of them men of true merit.

He

He is now competently acquainted with all the affairs of Europe, and eſpecially with the progreſſes of the human underſtanding.

It was but laſt Tueſday that he was ſaying to me, that REASON travels, by ſlow journeys, from north to ſouth, in company with her two intimate friends EXPERIENCE and TOLERATION. AGRICULTURE and COMMERCE attend them. Reaſon preſented herſelf in Italy, but the congregation of the Index repulſed her. All that ſhe could do, was to ſend ſecretly ſome of her agents, who, in ſpite of all her enemies, do ſome good. Let but ſome years more paſs, and it is to be hoped that the country of the Scipios will be no longer that of Harlequins in monks habits.

She has, from time to time, met with cruel foes in France; but ſhe has ſo many friends in that kingdom, that ſhe ſtands a good chance of becoming, at length, firſt miniſter there.

When ſhe preſented herſelf in Bavaria and Auſtria, ſhe found two or three great wig-blocks that ſtared at her with ſtupid and aſtoniſhed eyes. Their greeting was, "Madam, we never heard "of you; we do not know you."—Her anſwer to which was, "Gentlemen, in time you will "come to know me, and love me. I have been "well received at Berlin, at Moſcow, at Copen-"hagen, at Stockholm. It is long ago, that, by "the credit of Locke, of Gordon, of Trenchard, "Lord Shafteſbury, and a number of others of

"the

" the ſame nation, that I have been naturalized " by act of parliament in England. You will, " ſome day or other, confer on me the like grant. " I am the daughter of TIME, I expect every " thing from my father."

When ſhe paſſed over the frontiers of Spain and Portugal, ſhe bleſſed God on obſerving that the fires of the Inquiſition were no longer kindled ſo often : ſhe conceived great hopes on ſeeing the Jeſuits expelled ; but was afraid, that while the country was cleared of the foxes, it was ſtill left expoſed to the wolves.

If ſhe makes any freſh attempts to gain entrance into Italy, it is thought ſhe will begin by eſtabliſhing herſelf at Venice ; and that ſhe will take up her abode in the kingdom of Naples, in ſpite of the liquefaction of the ſaint's blood in that country, which gives her the vapors. It is pretended, that ſhe has an infallible ſecret for untying the ſtrings of a crown, which are entangled, nobody knows how, in thoſe of a mitre, and for hindering the palfreys from going any more to make a curtezy to the mules.

In ſhort, the converſation of Mr. Andrew entertained me much ; and the more I ſee of him, the better I like him.

The GOOD SUPPER AT *Mr.* ANDREW's.

WE ſupped yeſterday together with a Doctor of Sorbonne, with Monſieur Pinto, the celebrated Jew, with the Chaplain of the Proteſtant chapel of the Dutch Embaſſador, the Secretary of the Prince Galitzin of the Greek church, a Calviniſt Swiſs Captain, two Philoſophers, and three Ladies of great wit.

The ſupper was a very long one; and yet there was no more diſputing upon religion than as if not one of thoſe at table had ever had any; ſo polite it muſt be owned we are grown; ſo much is one afraid at ſupper to give any cauſe of offence to one's brethren. It is not ſo with the Regent Cogé, and the Ex-jeſuit Patouillet, and with all the animals of that kind. Thoſe pitifull creatures will ſay more of ſtupidly abuſive things in one pamphlet of two pages, than the beſt company in Paris can ſay agreeable and inſtructive ones in a ſupper of four hours. And what is ſtranger yet, they dare not tell a man to his face, what they have the impudence to print.

The converſation turned at firſt on a piece of pleaſantry in the Perſian Letters, in which it is repeated

repeated after a number of grave perſonages that the world does not only proceed growing worſe, but that it is daily diſpeopling, ſo that if the proverb ſhould have any truth in it, that *the more fools there are*, the *more laughter*, laughing is likely to be ſoon baniſhed from the face of the earth.

The Doctor of Sorbonne aſſured us, in fact, that the world was almoſt reduced to nothing. He quoted the Father Petavius, who demonſtrates that in leſs than three hundred years, one only of the ſons of Noah (I forget whether it was Shem or Japhet) had procreated a ſeries of children that amounted to ſix hundred and twenty three thouſand ſix hundred and twelve millions three hundred and fifty eight thouſand true believers, within two hundred and eighty five years after the univerſal deluge.

Mr. Andrew aſked why in the time of Philip de Bel, that is to ſay, about three hundred years after Hugh Capet, there were not ſix hundred and twenty three thouſand millions of princes of the royal family? It is (ſaid the Doctor of Sorbonne) becauſe the ſtock of faith is much fallen.

A great deal was ſaid about Thebes and its hundred gates, and of the million of ſoldiers that iſſued out of thoſe gates, with the twenty thouſand chariots of war. Shut the book there, ſaid Mr. Andrew; ſince I have taken to reading, I begin to ſuſpect that the ſame genius that wrote

Gara-

Garagantua, uſed of yore to write all the hiſtories.

But, in ſhort, ſaid one of the company, Thebes, Memphis, Babilon, Niniveh, Troy, Seleucia, were great cities once, and now no longer exiſt. Granted, anſwered the Secretary of the Prince Galitzin, but Moſcow, Conſtantinople, London, Paris, Amſterdam, Lyons, which is better than ever Troy was, all the towns of France, Germany, Spain, and the North were then deſerts.

The Swiſs Captain, a gentleman of great knowledge, owned to us, that when his anceſtors took it into their heads, to quit their mountains and their precipices, to go and take forcible poſſeſſion, as was but reaſonable, of a finer country, Ceſar, who ſaw with his own eyes the liſt of thoſe emigrants, found that their number amounted to three hundred and ſixty eight thouſand, incluſive of the old, the children, and the women. At this time the ſingle canton of Berne poſſeſſes as many inhabitants, which is not quite the half of Switzerland, and I can aſſure you, that the thirteen cantons have above ſeven hundred and twenty thouſand ſouls, taking into the account the natives who are ſerving or carrying on buſineſs in other countries. After that, gentlemen of learning go and make calculations and ſiſtems, on no better footing, and they will be equally all falſe.

The queſtion next agitated was, Whether the citiſens of Rome, in the time of the Ceſars, were richer than the citiſens of Paris, in the time of Monſieur Silhouette ?

Oh, ſays Mr. Andrew, this is a point on which I have ſome call to ſpeak. I was a long time the man of forty crowns ; I can, however, readily believe, that the citiſens of Rome had more. Thoſe illuſtrious robbers on the highway had pillaged the fineſt countries of Aſia, of Africa, and Europe. They lived very ſplendidly on the produce of their rapines ; but yet there were doubtleſs ſome beggars at Rome. I am perſuaded that, among thoſe conquerors of the world, there were ſome reduced to an income of forty crowns a year, as well as I was formerly.

Do you know, ſaid a learned member of the Academy of Inſcriptions and *Belles Lettres*, that it coſt Lucullus for every ſupper he gave in the ſaloon of Apollo, thirty nine thouſand three hundred and twelve livres of our current money, but that Atticus, yes, the celebrated Epicurean Atticus, did not expend above two hundred and thirty livres a month for his table.

If that be true, ſaid I, he deſerved to be preſident of the Miſer-ſociety, lately eſtabliſhed in Italy. I have red, as you have done, in Florus that incredible anecdote ; but, perhaps, Florus had never ſupped with Atticus, or that his text, like ſo many others, has been corrupted by

by copiſts. No Florus ſhall ever make me believe that the friend of Ceſar and of Pompey, of Cicero and of Antony, all of whom were often entertained at his houſe, got off for ſomething leſs than ten Louis d'ors a month.

But thus exactly 'tis that hiſt'ry's written.

Madam Andrew, for her part, told the learned Member of the Academy, that if he would keep her table for ten times as much ſhe would be mnch obliged to him.

I am perſuaded, that this evening at Mr. Andrew's ſtood in as much as the month of Atticus. As for the Ladies, they expreſſed a doubt, whether the ſuppers of Rome were more agreeable than thoſe of Paris. The converſation was very gay, though a little leaning to the learned. There was no talk of new faſhions, nor of the ridiculous parts of any one's character, or conduct, nor of the ſcandalous hiſtory of the day.

The queſtion upon luxury was diſcuſſed and ſearched to the bottom. It was mooted, whether or not luxury had been the ruin of the Roman empire; and it was proved that the two empires of the Eaſt and Weſt had owed their deſtruction to nothing but to religious controverſies, and to the monks; and, in fact, when Alaric took Rome, its whole attention was engroſſed by theological diſputes; when Mahomet took Conſtantinople the monks defended much better the eternity of the light of Tabor, which

they ſaw on their navel, than they defended the town againſt the Turks.

One of our men of learning made a remark that very much ſtruck me. It was that thoſe two great empires were annihilated, and that the works of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid ſtill ſubſiſt.

From the age of Auguſtus they made but one ſkip to the age of Lewis the XIVth. A Lady put the queſtion, Why it was that with a great deal of wit there was no longer produced ſcarcely any work of genius?

Mr. Andrew anſwered, That in was becauſe ſuch works had been produced in the laſt age. This idea was fine-ſpun, and yet ſolidly true: it bore a thorough handling. After that they fell with ſome harſhneſs upon a Scotchman, who had taken it into his head to give rules to taſte, and to criticiſe the moſt admirable paſſages of Racine, without underſtanding French (*). But

(*) This Mr. Home, a Lord of the Seſſions in Scotland, teaches the manner of making the heroes of a tragedy ſpeak with wit, and here follows a remarkable ſpecimen, which he quotes from the tragedy of Henry the Fourth, by the divine Shakeſpeare. This divine Shakeſpeare introduces my Lord Falſtaff, the chief juſtice who has juſt taken priſoner the knight Sir John Colvile, whom he preſents to the king.

" *Sir, Here he is, and here I yield him, and I beſeech your* " *Grace, let it be booked with the reſt of the day's deeds, or, by* " *the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad, with mine* " *own picture in the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot, to which* " *courſe if I be enforced, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-* " *pences to me, and I in the clear ſky of Fame o'er-ſhine you as* " *much as the full moon does the cinders of the element, which* " *ſhow like pins heads to her, believe not the word of the noble.* " *Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.*"

2d Part of Henry the Fourth, Act IV. Scene VI.

It

there was one Denina much more ſeverely treated, who had abuſed Monteſquieu's Spirit of the Laws, without comprehending him, and who has eſpecially cenſured what is the moſt liked and approved in that work.

This recalled to my mind Boileau's making a parade of his affected contempt for Taſſo. One of the company advanced that Taſſo, with all his faults, was as ſuperior to Homer, as Monteſquieu, with all his ſtill greater imperfections, was above the farrago of Grotius. But there was preſently a ſtrong oppoſition made to theſe falſe criticiſms, dictated by national hatred and prejudice. The Signor Denina was treated as he deſerved, and as pedants ought to be by men of wit.

It is this abſurd and abominable gallimaufrey very frequent in the divine Shakeſpeare, that Mr. John Home propoſes for a model of good taſte, and of wit in tragedy. But, in recompence, Mr. Home thinks the Iphigenia and Phedra of Racine extremely ridiculous.

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Note of the tranſlator on the foregoing.

Nothing could equal the abſurdity ſo falſely imputed to Shakeſpeare, except the blunder ſo juſtly imputable, on this occaſion, to the author, who has miſtaken a humorous buffoon, for a lord chief juſtice of England: a miſtake into which I fancy he muſt have been led by ſeeing in the *Dramatis perſonæ*, the name of Sir John Falſtaff immediately under the Lord Chief Juſtice, which has made him confound two perſonages ſo very different. There is another conſiderable error, Colevile is preſented by Falſtaff not to the king, but to Prince John of Lancaſter. The French tranſlation too is groſsly falſe and defective. In ſhort, the whole tenor of the above note is liable to very juſt objections; but it would be want of reſpect to the reader, to enter upon them, they are ſo obvious.

It

It was eſpecially remarked, with much ſagacity, that the greateſt part of the literary works of this age, as well as of the converſations, turned on the examination of the maſter-pieces of the laſt century; in which we are like diſ-inherited children, who are taking an eſtimate of their fathers eſtate. It was confeſſed that philoſophy had made great progreſſes, but that the language and ſtile were ſomewhat corrupted.

It is the nature of all theſe converſations to make tranſitions from one ſubject to another. All theſe objects of curioſity, of ſcience, and of taſte, ſoon vaniſhed, to give way to the great ſcene which the Empreſs of Ruſſia, and the King of Poland, were giving to the world. They had been juſt raiſing up and reſtoring the rights of oppreſſed humanity, and eſtabliſhing liberty of conſcience in a part of the globe of a much greater extent than ever was the Roman empire. This ſervice done to human kind, this example given to ſo many Courts that think themſelves wondrous political, was mentioned with the applauſe it deſerved. Healths were drank to the philoſophical Empreſs, to the royal Philoſopher, and to the philoſophical Primate, with the wiſh of their having many imitators. Even the Doctor of Sorbonne admired them, for there are ſome perſons of good ſenſe in that body, as there were formerly, ſome men of wit among the Bœotians.

The

The Ruſſian Secretary aſtoniſhed us with a recital of the great eſtabliſhments they were forming in Ruſſia. It was aſked, Why people were in general more fond of reading the hiſtory of Charles the XIIth, who paſſed his life in deſtroying, than that of Peter the Great, who conſumed his in creating? On this we concluded, that weakneſs, and a frivolous turn of mind, are the cauſe of this preference; that Charles the XIIth was the Don Quixot, and Peter the Solon of the North; that ſuperficial underſtandings prefer a wild extravagant heroiſm, to the great views of a legiſlator: that the particulars of the foundation of a town are leſs pleaſing to them, than the raſhneſs of a man, who, at the head of only his domeſtics, braves an army of ten thouſand Turks; and that, in ſhort, moſt readers love amuſement better than inſtruction. Thence it is, that a hundred women read the thouſand and one Arabian nights, for one that reads two chapters of Locke.

What was not talked of at this ſupper, of which I ſhall long retain the remembrance? It was alſo in courſe to ſay a word of the actors and actreſſes, that eternal ſubject of the table-talk of Verſailles and of Paris. It was agreed, that a good declaimer was as rare as a good poet. The ſupper ended with a very pretty ſong, which one of the company made for the ladies. As for me, I own, that Plato's banquet could not have given

given me more pleaſure than that of monſieur and madam Andrew.

Our very pretty gentlemen, and our very fine ladies, would, doubtleſs, have found it dull, and been tired with it: they pretend to be the only good company, but neither Mr. Andrew nor I ever ſup with that kind of good company.

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